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Plain Words on Formosa

THE American and Russian replies to Pandit Nehru's appeal indicate clearly enough the difficulties of the mediator. Stalin says in effect that he would welcome mediation on condition that Communist China is first admitted to a reconstituted Security Council; Truman, that he cannot discuss terms until the aggressor is behind the 38th Parallel. It is unlikely that any formula will be quickly found to bridge this gulf. Efforts to find a basis for Communist China's entry to the Security Council should continue. In the meantime the Korean war must be expected to go on for months.

In these circumstances the prime necessity is to localise the conflict and in particular, to prevent a clash between the United States and Communist China. The danger of a drift into world war lies less in Korea itself than in Formosa; it is here that Britain and the Commonwealth must play a decisive role.

The dangers are obvious enough. Formosa is an integral part of China. It was Mr. Acheson who in a carefully worded statement to the press last January brushed aside as a mere legal quibble the argument that, since the island was under Japanese occupation until 1945, it could be held in trust pending a final peace settlement. Yet, despite this, on the same day that American forces, acting on behalf of the United Nations, intervened in Korea, President Truman took Formosa under the protection of the Seventh Fleet. He could, of course, argue that since he still recognises the Nationalists as the legitimate Chinese Government, he was justified in protecting them against attack by the Communist "rebels." But the use of this apology for his action has created a dangerous breach in Anglo-American policy and immensely increased the risk of the war spreading. In the first place, General MacArthur is acting in Formosa without the authorisation of the Security Council; and in any hostilities which take place President Truman will not be able to claim that he is carrying out sanctions on behalf of the United Nations. In the second place Britain, as well as India, has recognised the Chinese Communists and regards Chiang Kai-shek as a rebel whom the legitimate government in Peking is entitled to suppress. It is no secret, moreover, that other members of the Commonwealth besides Britain and India have vigorously protested in Washington against the unilateral American action in Formosa. The Canadians resent it keenly, and the Australians have also been outspoken and hardly less forcible in their objections.

For obvious reasons this rift in the united front of the Western democracies is little mentioned. True, Mr. Ernest Davies has stated under interrogation that the British fleet is instructed to operate exclusively in Korean waters. But while Mr. Attlee has confirmed this, he has made no public reference to Britain's position in the event of a war between the U.S.A. and Communist China which might break out any day this summer if Mao Tse-tung attempts to bring Formosa under his control.

This ambiguity is the most dangerous factor in the whole situation. By hesitating to make the disagreement public, the British Government has made it difficult to explain to impatient Americans why no Commonwealth ground forces are available for Korea. It is surely time to state bluntly that, if the Americans had kept their hands off Formosa, some troops might have been spared from Hong Kong or Malaya. But the risk of an American-Chinese clash in the present circumstances compels us to man the defences of all South-Eastern Asia. If the Americans want to localise the Korean war and achieve a concentration of Western forces sufficient to win a speedy victory, their first move should be to revoke their hasty and ill-judged action in Formosa.

But the danger is not merely military. At any time during the months of Korean fighting that lie ahead, the Formosan situation might suddenly flare up. However strenuous the protests we have made, the U.S.A. would certainly expect us to stand by them at this moment. The war has spread, they will argue, and war like peace is indivisible. In this they would probably be supported by Mr. Churchill, who would be unlikely to make any fine distinction between a United Nations' police action in Korea and the crushing of Communism in Formosa. Moreover, attempts would certainly be made to swing the Security Council into condemning Communist aggression.

What would be the policy of the British Government at this juncture? Would it forget legal niceties and come to the help of the U.S.A., or would it "veto" American action on the Security Council? The dangers of such an open breach are clear enough; but to support the Nationalists against the Peking Government would be even more catastrophic. It would make the idea that the present war is in defence of

the United Nations Charter sheer hypocrisy. It would probably dissolve the Commonwealth, since if we supported the Americans, India and Pakistan would refuse to follow our lead. It would precipitate a first-class Parliamentary crisis in this country which would probably end in the formation of a coalition government and a split in the Labour Party, a section of which would be forced into Socialist opposition. And the end result of such a war would almost certainly be the violent expulsion of the White man from the Far East.

To avert this catastrophe should be the aim of British statesmanship. And for this a simple clear-cut policy is required. Mr. Attlee cannot possibly attempt mediation in Korea except on the basis of a withdrawal by the North Koreans to the 38th Parallel, and he must now support military action required to secure this end. Simultaneously, it should be publicly stated that, if the United States involves itself in a war with Communist China about Formosa, the Commonwealth will not render her any assistance. By making this absolutely clear, he will at least temper the rashness of General MacArthur and he may even achieve the reversal of Mr. Acheson's hasty decision. If so, he will have built the basis for a peace settlement and a reconstitution of the Security Council.

Full Employment at Geneva

At Geneva, the Economic and Social Council is now getting down to discussion of the report of its experts on the national and international measures needed to maintain full employment. Mr. Gaitskell, representing the British Government, has been stressing the point that for Western Europe, or at any rate for Great Britain, the greatest danger of large-scale unemployment lies in a fall in overseas demand, and has been affirming the preparedness of this country to deal with any internal factor making for economic depression. He has also been urging each country both to adopt and announce a full employment target and to make public its own plans for ensuring continuous economic activity and for combating inflation without inducing a growth of unemployment. With a view to coping with the international problem of dollar shortage, especially after the end of Marshall Aid, he advocated the setting up of a working party of Government representatives to consider and report on balance of payments problems. He also recommended a general agreement designed to stabilise foreign investment, and held that countries which could not avoid internal fluctuations ought to take steps to minimise their impact on the rest of the world. These two points were the "guts" of the economic experts' report; and in effect each is directed mainly to the United States and can lead to useful action only if the United States is prepared to act. Discussion at Geneva has made a fair start; but there is a long way to go before any practical results can be expected.

Railway Wage-claims

When the N.U.R. accepted (without prejudice to its wider claims) the small advance offered by the Railway Executive to its worst-paid members—incidentally, an advance which it could have secured many months ago—it looked as if the stage had been set for a long series of similar small concessions extending over a large part of industry. Everything went back into uncertainty when the other railway unions rejected the offer, which had been made applicable to their low-paid members as well. The Locomotive Engineers objected to any change that would further reduce the differentials between skilled and less skilled workers; and the Railway Clerks, not many of whom stood to gain from the offer, would not accept anything short of a general wage advance applying to all grades. All three Unions have now put forward general claims—the R.C.A. for 7½ per cent. all round, the A.S.L.E.F., going one better, for 15 per cent., and the N.U.R. for an unspecified amount. The N.U.R., as the main union organising the worse-paid railway workers, is under the strongest pressure to do something speedily on their behalf; there is strong feeling among all grades that a general advance in wages is overdue; and the concessions to the worst-paid were accepted by it only under protest. The Railway Executive had made its offer conditional on its acceptance by all three unions, as members of all three were affected. The way things have gone illustrates the great difficulty of isolating the case of the lowest-wage grades, in face of the keen feeling among skilled time workers that differentials in their favour have already become unduly narrow.

"Peaceful Purposes"

At the World Power Conference, Professor Golubstov, the Soviet delegate, left the rostrum chuckling hugely at the dove he had put among the cats. He and his colleagues must have gone through the prepared reports for the Conference with a toothcomb, to find one single incidental reference in the U.S. paper to the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Mr. Ward Davidson, who presented it, was merely trying to say that industrial energy would be cheaper if a large part of the cost was borne on a multi-purpose basis. As an example, he referred (in his summary) to the production of atomic bomb materials. Russian indignation in this case was synthetic and, indeed, illogical, since one of their best arguments against international control of atomic energy has been that the country selected to produce the fissionable elements which at present are the bomb charge would, as a by-product, have a local advantage in energy production; such a country would be presented with the equivalent of the energy of Niagara Falls. But the point made by Mr. Davidson gave the delegate of the Soviet Union the excuse for saying: "You are well aware that atomic energy in the Soviet Union is used only for peaceful purposes." This protest would have been the more convincing if the Russians had produced a paper as descriptive and practical on the development of industrial atomic energy as that of Sir John Cockcroft, or that of the Canadians, or even that of Mr. Ward Davidson. We are still not "well aware" of the forms which Russian "peaceful purposes" take; and it is extremely difficult to deduce from the budget accounts of the U.S.S.R. exactly how much money is devoted to atomic development, either military or pacific.

France and Korea

Our Paris correspondent writes: Typical comment here is that the Americans have been "inconsiderate" in Korea: *l'affaire est mal engagée* Certainly France has no desire to be occupied by the Russians and liberated by the Americans, three or five or ten years later, with the help of atom bombs; and there is an uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Truman forced his decision on Uno without knowing very clearly what he was taking on. If it had really been a "police operation," and the North Koreans had been driven back to the Parallel in a few days, all would have been well: Russia would have been made to look foolish. As it is, the situation looks here to be full of dangers.

Last week, there were two rays of hope that the conflict might be localised and quickly settled. One was Sir David Kelly, the other was Nehru. But no sooner had some hopeful comments appeared in the press, than all talk of a "negotiated peace" had apparently to be debunked. Two amazing dispatches appeared on Saturday in the *Monde*—one from Washington, the other from London. The first said that America *must* win the war in Korea: "the atom bombs are all lined up in rows." The London dispatch was, in a way, even more disturbing. The Foreign Office, it said, was assuming an extremely reserved attitude towards Mr. Nehru's mediation proposals; this "new line" was intended to destroy the impression "created in some quarters" by the Kelly-Gromyko talks.

> The spokesmen of the F.O. . . . now say that both Russia and China are supporting the North Koreans, and that there can be no question of offering them any concessions either over Formosa or over Uno, without thus paying a premium on aggression. . . . There was an idea of making a deal on these two questions, but that, it now appears, was not a view shared by the heads of the F.O. or by Mr. Bevin. . . . It is also possible that the officials have now been influenced by the State Department's view that, before anything further can be done, the aggressors must be driven back to the 38th Parallel.

The dispatch added that the F.O. was in no way responsible for Nehru's doings; and, at the same time, Mr. Truman announced that he would see, in due course, whether to push beyond the 38th Parallel or not.

People here are becoming more puzzled than ever. Is Korea an exclusively American concern or, as the Americans insist, Uno's war? If so, why is it wicked for India or Britain to try to bring about a negotiated settlement? Nobody in Europe looks on war any longer as a football match, and the question whether the U.S. Army in Korea has a high or low score when peace is negotiated is one to which Frenchmen are quite indifferent. If the North Koreans are persuaded to withdraw to the 38th Parallel and Communist China is admitted to Uno, this should be a solution satisfactory to all who do not want to see the war spread—and also to Uno, whose authority would have been upheld. "Unconditional surrender" is more than Uno ever asked for; yet Mr. Truman's remarks about the 38th Parallel suggest that is precisely what he already has in mind.

As for the future of Korea, after withdrawal by North Korean troops, is there any reason to suppose, Paris asks, that Russia would seriously interfere with genuinely free elections? Or is the truth of the matter that the U.S. would rather not try out such an experiment in a country which may, for all we know, have a pro-Northern majority? The course of the war rather suggests that it has. Finally, there is the question of the dagger—Korea, a dagger pointing at Japan; Korea, a dagger pointing at Vladivostock. Could not Korea, one French observer remarked, be totally and permanently demilitarised under the auspices of Uno and cease to be a dagger at all?

PARLIAMENT: Midsummer Days

Wednesday

DEBATES on Education and the Colonies are annual midsummer events. Usually coinciding with social occasions and regarded as lulls in party warfare, they are poorly attended. Specialists, of course, have their set pieces, and, with tedious frequency, the preface "I hope the hon. Member will forgive my not following him" punctuates the abrupt switch from one subject to another.

Mr. Oliver Stanley's enforced absence emboldened some Tory backbenchers and discomfited some of his close colleagues. Whilst Mr. Frederic Harris pleaded for a firmer stand for the White settler and Mr. Craddock, with adverbial emphasis, hoped that constitutional development would "hasten slowly," Sir Ian Fraser commended to the Colonial Office Rhodes's doctrine of the "equality of all civilised men," on the ground that it preserved White supremacy while giving the black man the feeling that there was no technical bar to the highest rights. This apologia for Malan produced an explosive protest from Colonel Wigg, who, with Mr. Sorensen, expressed the Labour feeling that Mr. Griffiths might hasten a bit faster towards recognising the black man's rights.

The Education debate was advertised as an opportunity to deal with content. But Members, on the whole, seemed reluctant to enter this unusual field, preferring tangible matters. Mr. Hardman, admitting the temptation to range wide, immediately yielded to it on the subjects of costs, places, teachers, and Unesco, leaving himself barely five minutes to talk of poetry and personality. At the end of the day, Mr. Tomlinson, after conscientiously replying to all points, likewise discovered that time was against him when he arrived at the pursuit of happiness. Having scolded Mr. Hardman and said that one's view of education was conditioned by one's view of society, Mr. W. S. Morrison rapidly passed via the Schedule of Reserved Occupations to external exams. Backbenchers also seemed happier in debating whether 16 plus or minus was the right age for the examinee than in attempting to develop Mr. George Thomas' point that the schools were the "arsenals of democracy." After sundry mention of Scripture lessons, Visual Aids, and Cube Roots, Dr. King's blunt statement that "we still have a class system of education" came as something of a shock.

Groundnuts generated less heat than usual. Though failing to carry conviction on the subject of raising nuts above party, Mr. Lennox-Boyd made an effective, because carefully modulated, indictment of the Strachey-Plummer regime and found general acceptance of the view that the African schemes should be handed over to the Colonial Office. With his best fireside technique, Mr. Webb appeared "franker-than-thou," promising nothing save honest information, prudent pruning, and a realistic plan in the autumn. When pressed, he had news of moderate success in Queensland.

As the Minister was cautiously tentative, Members had little to go on till the next Report and inevitably turned to past failures. The Opposition was naturally satisfied that the blame should rest with Mr. Webb's predecessor, but Labour Members found a good deal of ammunition in the Public Accounts Report for shooting at the Wakefield Mission and the United Africa Company. The comparatively placid atmosphere was momentarily disturbed when Mikardo cast responsibility on all the Members of the last Parliament who unanimously consented to the original scheme.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Old Worlds for Middle-aged

THE real question about Korea is not so much what the Americans are doing there now, in the name of the United Nations, as what they mean to do subsequently. If, as appears practically certain, there is no prospect at all of a government in South Korea that can sustain itself against Communism without the aid of continuing American occupation, we are offered the uncomfortable outlook of a perpetually garrisoned area which could not be held unless the American forces also remained in occupation of Japan, or at least in permanent possession of bases on the Japanese islands and in virtual control of Japanese policy. Given such a situation, the American military authorities would in all probability argue successfully that Formosa could not be allowed to fall into the hands of a Communist China, and Chiang Kai-shek's claims for continuing American support would be reinforced. The hot war now in progress in Korea could therefore only be followed, whatever the American success, by a permanent cold war extending over the entire area of the Far East; and the persistence of such a state of affairs would inevitably react on the conditions throughout Southern Asia.

Even if the Americans were meeting the costs of occupation and political control in the Far East this would mean that there would be immensely heavy burdens falling on the European countries directly concerned in the affairs of Southern Asia, as well as upon India and Burma and the new Indonesian Republic. The greater the tension in Korea, Japan and China, the less hope will there be of any respite from continual warfare in South-East Asia. In Indo-China the possibility of coming to terms with Ho Chi Minh will be ruled out; Siam will be the scene of an endless struggle for power; the Chinese in Malaya will renew their efforts more intensely after every drive against "banditry"; Burma will be given no chance of settling down; and there will be every prospect of recurrent troubles in the Indonesian Republic and in the neighbouring territories under Dutch or British rule. In such a turmoil India, even if it can settle its outstanding conflicts with Pakistan, will have to continue spending on armaments resources it can singularly ill spare from the immensely pressing claims of economic development; and, further West, we may expect more trouble in Persia whenever it suits the Communists to stir it up in order to create a diversion. For Great Britain, for France, and for Holland, as well as for India, the outlook is one of indefinitely protracted outpouring of resources to achieve, not any sort of constructive settlement, but at most favourable, merely a continuance of the uneasy and unprofitable *status quo*.

It is salutary to state these prospects plainly, even while the Korean war is on; for it is of the utmost importance not to allow ourselves to get into a state in which we refuse to look forward on the plea that "the war must be won first." Would it be winning the war to reconquer South Korea with American troops, and then have no idea what to do except garrison it permanently as the supporters of a puppet government for which nobody has a word to say? We must think now realistically about what we believe to be possible over the whole area of Southern Asia; for presumably it is fear of the repercussions further south of a Communist success in Korea that is the main reason for the line the American Government has taken, and clearly American victory in Korea will by itself settle nothing elsewhere.

The danger over the whole threatened area is that, as has occurred already in Indo-China as well as in Korea, opposition to Communism may become synonymous with support for reaction. This is already the position in the Philippines, in Formosa, and in Siam. At present, it is, fortunately, not so in Burma or in India; and in Malaya we can at any rate try to regard ourselves as champions of the Malays against the Chinese Communists and not fall back entirely on the Malayan rubber and tin dollar earnings as justifications for our determination to go on holding the country. But this ambiguous line is none too comfortable to defend; and the longer the present situation continues, the more difficult it is likely to be to avoid becoming out-and-out upholders of imperialist capitalism in Asia—a position highly favourable to Communist propaganda and certain to be exceedingly uncomfortable for the more progressive elements in India, as well as for the immature governments of Burma and Indonesia.

There appears to be no practicable and decent way out of this impasse save an attempt to work closely with India in creating a progressive, third force, group in the affairs of Southern Asia. Such a group could rest only on a really big attempt to supply to the countries of this area the means of speedy economic development, above all in land improvement through irrigation and in the raising of agricultural standards, including better transport and marketing as well as better cultivation and breeding of stock. The major part of the finances for these types of development could come, in the last resort, only from the United States; but they could come much more hopefully if other countries were also playing a part and if the whole operation could take an international form, under the auspices of the World Bank for Development or of some specially constituted Asiatic agency in which the recipient countries could have a real share. Releases of sterling balances made possible by American concessions could play an important part in such a plan, which would have as its direct object the promotion of mutual trade between the countries of South-East Asia—e.g., in rice and textiles—as well as between South-East Asia and the rest of the world. The whole project would, of course, have to be closely linked with the technical assistance programme which has been launched, on an absurdly small basis, by the United Nations.

There are, of course, formidable obstacles in the way. The Americans must see that they cannot hope to win the battle for Asia with the weapons of armed force *plus* capitalist investment of the traditional type, because the capitalism largely negates the force by the

Asiatic opposition and receptivity to Communism which it arouses. They would have to be inclined to believe that the British and the Dutch—if not the French—are sincerely willing to play their parts in the economic as well as the political emancipation of Southern Asia. We, for our part, should have to be prepared, on terms, to treat Malaya, not as our private dollar-farm, but as a country entitled to be developed in the interest of its inhabitants and of the whole population of the surrounding region. We should have to be ready to give up dollars in the hope of not having to wage perpetual and expensive war in order to defend them. And it would pay us handsomely to do so if the *quid pro quo* were peace and prosperity in the whole threatened area.

The initiative in a big move of this sort could not come mainly from us or from the Dutch. Both countries are too suspect of economic imperialism, in America as well as in Asia, to be in a position to take the lead. It would have to come from Asia—principally from India, which is the only possible rallying point for an Asiatic third force and might, if it became such a rallying point, have a considerable pull in the long run on the attitude of China as well as of the areas in between. The situation in Indo-China, in particular, could be transformed by an initiative of this kind; and in Malaya the rich Chinese, who are re-insuring by paying blackmail to the Communists, would have something to look to other than a gradual erosion of the existing regime by wave upon wave of anti-imperialist "banditry."

Jawaharlal Nehru is the only man who possesses the personal prestige to launch a new movement capable of breaking through the existing confusion; and he has shown more than once his awareness of the need for something of the kind. Whether he has also power enough in his own country is less certain—probably not, unless he can both be reinforced by firm assurances of British support and also reach a settlement with Pakistan over Kashmir and thus reduce the military pressure on India's scanty resources. A *détente* between India and Pakistan is, indeed, an essential element in the creation of the Asiatic third force on which the hopes of progress over the whole of Southern Asia appear to depend. We could help towards such a *détente*, if we truly regarded it as vital; and we should not ignore its effect as a tranquillising force in the Middle East as well as in South-East Asia. But we could give the Indian Government the backing it needs in order to enable it to take the place of leadership only if we were prepared to throw the whole of our weight behind a settlement, in Malaya as well as elsewhere, that Asiatic sentiment could honourably endorse.

Such notions may perhaps be dismissed as impracticable now that, in Korea, the shooting phase of the war between Americanism and Communism has actually begun. But are we prepared to take that calamity as finally destructive of all hopes of a relaxation of tension on the whole Asiatic continent? To do so, with the Americans plainly lacking the glimmer of an idea what to do next, is a counsel of despair. The third force in Europe is temporarily in eclipse; it is well worth while to do what we can to call in the oldest world of all to redress the balance of the middle-aged.

The Land it is the Landlord's

"Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite? Who made ten thousand people owners of the soil and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?" If the Chancellor of the Exchequer to-day used words like these of Lloyd George's in 1909 there would probably be a demand for a special debate in the House of Commons. Yet, in 1950, there are still questions about Leasehold Reform in Parliament every week and an official committee has just reported on the subject. A Labour Government is at last thinking of introducing legislation to protect the interests of householders and small businesses. In this field that is the measure of our progress to date.

The Jenkins Committee on Leasehold Reform was set up in February, 1948, originally under the chairmanship of the late Lord Uthwatt, and produced an interim report on business premises in June of the following year. In a personal note attached to the final report, Lord Uthwatt's successor, Lord Justice Jenkins, dissents from the recommendations of the interim report on the ground that the scheme proposed, involving "drastic restrictions on the ordinary rights of all landlords to deal as they please with their own property" merely "to defeat the machinations of the relatively few unscrupulous landlords" would cause anomalies likely to create new hardships. Messrs. Leslie Hale and Ungoed-Thomas in their minority report argue, however, that the issue lies deeper than matters of detail or technicalities "and is to be found in a fundamental difference of political and social experience and outlook." They go on, "It cannot be resolved by a balancing of recommendations but only by political decision." Thus the problem must be judged in the light of evidence.

A classic example of leasehold problems can be found in the town of Pembroke Dock on the shores of Milford Haven, where a house could be bought for a few shillings before the war, because of unemployment and the liabilities for ground rent. The town was originally built when the Navy left Milford (favoured by Nelson because of its connections with Lady Hamilton) on land surrounding Pembroke Dockyard which belonged to Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Charlton Meyrick. It was poor scrub land of little agricultural value and its owner was delighted to divide up the area into housing plots to let on leases, lasting mostly for 60 or 99 years. Eventually leases fell in and were renewed at higher ground rents. Now they are falling in again, and being renewed once more at considerably higher ground rents. Typical example is a man who paid £1 a year in 1946 now pays £18. Another is the owner of a now-prosperous business which was virtually derelict when he took it over before the war. At present he pays £5 and is being asked to pay £75 when his lease falls in shortly, although (or perhaps because) he has just spent over £1,000 on improving the premises.

All over South Wales the problem is the same. In Cardiff, where a large estate company owns most of the freeholds, it is particularly acute. London and almost every other industrial area is also affected. Here is an example from Maida Vale: "I now pay £9 annual ground rent. The landlords have offered to renew my lease for 21 years if I carry out certain alterations costing me £800 and pay a new rental of £155 per annum." So much for one particular aspect of the problem—the increased rents on renewals.

There is also an even more unpleasant form of blackmail than the threat of being put in the street. Mr. Smith has a house in Chelsea for which he pays a ground rent of £30 per annum. In three years his lease expires and he is being offered a renewal for 21 years at a ground rent of £180. Mr. Smith cannot afford to refuse because if he does the landlord will insist on the return of the house in a new condition, as a dilapidations clause was put in the original agreement when the house was built. To make good the dilapidations would cost Mr. Smith nearly £2,500 at current prices, so he will accept the "offer." It is not the street but the bankruptcy court which is his alternative!

So it is not good enough to suggest, as the Jenkins Majority Report does, "at this distance of time it is obviously impossible to adjudicate upon charges of unfair conduct on the part of the original landlords in the granting of leases 80 or 90 years ago."

Then there is the problem of the landowner who can demand an exorbitant sum for the freehold at the expiration of the lease, and can, of course, go to the County Court for possession if he does not get it. The Jenkins Committee comes down heavily against leasehold enfranchisement on the grounds that it would not be in the public interest to multiply small freeholds, as this would hinder orderly planning and good estate management and, further, would merely transfer the freehold interest from one set of individuals to another. The Committee states in support of this recommendation that the Government Department concerned and other public authorities were against it, and, of course, the Ministry of Health's policy has been against local authorities parting with freeholds once land is acquired. The Committee instead recommends the extension of the Rent Restrictions Acts to the occupying ground lessees of small houses on the expiration of their leases and within the rateable value limits for control under these Acts. (Rent Restriction at the moment applies only to rents which are two-thirds and more of the rateable value of a property.)

Turning to business premises, long-term reform of the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1927, is suggested by the Committee, who think a business tenant, on the expiry of his lease, should be able to demand an extension if he can satisfy a tribunal that his loss by removal would be so substantial that this would be a reasonable course; and in other cases he would be compensated for loss of goodwill. The Hale-Ungoed-Thomas Minority Report, on the other hand, would give him the *prima-facie* right of renewal, even if the landlord wants the premises for himself or his family, circumstances which the

majority think should bar the tribunal from intervening.

The Minority Report supports in uncompromising fashion the right to leasehold enfranchisement, and its signatories take a much narrower view of the rights of property which, they hold, extend only so far as they serve their obligations to the whole community. This is in line with the T.U.C. evidence and the policy of the old Liberal Party. However, it does not help those who cannot afford to buy the freehold, and it is a pity they do not suggest the nationalisation of freeholds, which is believed to have been supported by Uthwatt.

A fair summary is that the Minority Report has got little further than Mr. Gladstone. While Socialists may regret it has not gone more deeply to the roots of land ownership and advocated complete nationalisation, it was not, after all, set up for that purpose. The Majority Report, on the other hand, signed by the Liberal and Tory M.P.s, is like the Old Guard at a landowners' Waterloo, making as good a defence of the rights of property as we shall see in our lifetime. The Government should now act for what Wolfe Tone called "that large and respectable class—the men of no property," and at once introduce a freezing measure perpetuating leases now falling in, without prejudice to either side, whilst the political battle wages.

DESMOND DONNELLY

London Diary

SINCE bits of the Nehru-Stalin correspondence had already leaked in the Indian press, I was not surprised that the whole thing was published in *Pravda*. The Indian Premier will not, I think, be abashed by the American refusal to regard Stalin's reply as "encouraging." Pandit Nehru is not simple-minded: he did not imagine that, at the moment of maximum frustration in Korea, Washington would welcome Communist China on the Security Council, and then, with two Great Powers wielding hostile vetoes, agree to reopen the whole Korean situation as if there had been no fighting there and no United Nations' vote. In diplomacy things do not happen quite as easily or quickly as that. Nehru has avoided carefully any proposal about the future of Korea while bringing into world prominence the one essential point. He reminds war-excited Powers that the alternative to world war is that the Security Council is speedily reconstituted and that this involves the acceptance of Communist China "on its merits."

* * *

With everybody's attention on the Far East, the news that the Haifa refineries are to be reopened has passed almost unnoticed. All the same, the agreement between the Israeli Government and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is of considerable importance. I gather that Anglo-Iranian, which owns the refinery, has guaranteed to provide up to a quarter of its capacity by January 1st, 1951. This concession was the result of a long wrangle in London, in the course of which the Israeli representatives stated that, since the plant was deteriorating rapidly, the Israeli Government would nationalise it and itself import the oil, if the Company continued to say that this was impossible. Even after this the Foreign Office fought a gallant rearguard action against the combined forces of the Treasury, the Oil Company and the Israeli. But where is the oil to come from? The pipe line from Mosul, of course, is still blocked by the Iraqi, thanks to the British Government loan which made up to them any loss on oil royalties caused by the blockade; and the Egyptians still defiantly forbid British tankers bound for Haifa to pass through the Suez Canal. But the Israeli negotiators were able to produce some very interesting calculations about oil costs. They proved that Anglo-Iranian could still make a nice profit on Venezuelan oil refined at Haifa, and would break even if Persian oil were shipped round the Cape of Good Hope and through the Mediterranean. "Operation Vasco da Gama" is how they described this latter proposal which finally clinched the deal. I should not be surprised, however, if Anglo-Iranian, now that they have contracted to deliver by January 1st, find a way through the Arab blockade. If they do, the Israeli will have demonstrated that Socialists can exploit the profit motive for their own benefit.

* * *

Another Middle Eastern topic which has received very little publicity is the decision of the Egyptian delegate on the Security Council to remain neutral in the Korean war. Considering all the blandishments lavished on Egypt by Mr. Bevin since 1945, this is a singularly ungrateful action. How often were we told during the Palestine crisis that Britain must retain the support of her trusty Egyptian allies even if this meant that Labour Ministers broke their solemn promises to the Jews. Indeed the whole of Mr. Bevin's Palestine policy was based on the premise that we could obtain a new treaty with Egypt on the basis that we should sacrifice the Jews in return for the Egyptians giving up the Sudan. The whole idea was nonsense, of course, first because the Egyptians will never give up their claim to the Sudan, and secondly because the Jews were not prepared to have their throats cut to suit our convenience. But Mr. Bevin and his Arab experts are indefatigable. Even after the Jews won the war, they continued to woo the Egyptians and to express the view that in a real crisis they would be more reliable than the Israeli. So we are still shipping them our latest fighters, and outside Cairo British officers in mufti are flying the planes, while Egyptian pilots are being trained in Britain. Now, when the first test comes, Israel votes for sanctions, Egypt stays neutral and no changes are made in the Foreign Office Middle Eastern Department.

* * *

Those who want a brief, factual, and readable account of recent developments in West Africa will find it in Miss Nicholson's Fabian pamphlet *West African Ferment*. The record of British intentions in West Africa is shown to be better than that of British practice. There is no doubt in my mind that the great failure lies in the complete absence of any rapid, dramatic, and imaginative step towards self-government and self-improvement. All proceeds at a snail's pace. "If the Ten-Year Plan were carried out overnight," the official Estimates Committee commented for Nigeria, "the improvement in the condition of the mass of Nigerians would be barely perceptible." But the Ten-Year Plan for Nigeria will not only not be carried out overnight; it will apparently not be carried out in ten years either. Miss Nicholson wants a new approach to development planning. "The conception required," she writes, "is that of the Marshall Plan." Personally, I doubt it. Something much more un-capitalist is required. The first thing to do, I suspect, is to prevent the big investment corporations from taking away from West Africa far more in dividends than the sum total of Colonial Development and Welfare Grants. The second thing to do is to stop treating West Africa almost exclusively as a source of raw materials. And the third thing is to promote political development far more actively than is the case at present, or than—judging from the Enugu Enquiry—local officials usually think necessary. In the end, it will be said, such steps will lose us West Africa, but they will avoid violence. In other parts of Africa a violent explosion seems inevitable, and nowhere more so than in the Union. It says much for the courage of a man like E. S. Sachs, the secretary of the South Africa Garment Workers' Union, who is at present in this country, that he means to return to the Union in spite of the relative certainty that he will be "included" in the terms of Malan's comprehensively repressive "Anti-Communist Act." It will be interesting, by the way, to hear what Sachs himself has to say about this at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, where he is speaking next Thursday at 7.30 under the auspices of the Union of Democratic Control.

* * *

A group of outstanding biologists has concluded at a Unesco conference that there is no biological difference between the ethnic divisions of the "race" *Homo Sapiens*, even though they have their own tongues, cultures and homelands. The average capacity of each ethnic group is the same: innate ability, temperament and intelligence do not differ. They merely develop under different conditions, some much more favourable than others. This report, which is endorsed by men of such distinction as Gunnar Myrdal, Hadley Cantril, Wilbert Moore and Julian Huxley, may seem to stress the obvious. But the sooner its common and scientific sense is incorporated into the teachings of schools in the Unesco countries—it is already taught in the Communist world—the sooner we shall be able to see clearly and tackle the social obstacles which set Gentile against Jew, and Mississippi dirt-farmer against his Negro neighbour.

* * *

The Abdication of Edward VIII provided American newspaper men with what they called "the best story since the Resurrection." Thirteen years later the Duke of Windsor's personal narrative, published in four long instalments in *Life*, maintains much of the original flavour, the suspense and romantic excitement

of the event itself. The story is admirably told. It maintains dignity and even, for the most part, objectivity, but in between the lines there runs a sub-acid commentary which occasionally spills over into the text when the Duke is describing the arrivals of Baldwin in his "black-beetle" car or the never open but always discernible back-stage role of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Though the story mainly amplifies and confirms, there are unexpected turns, such as the characteristic part played by Lord Beaverbrook and the fact that the suggestion of morganatic marriage came from Esmond Harmsworth. The Duke of Windsor claims, I think unanswerably, that his choice was never, as the sentimentalists put it, "between love and duty." On the contrary, he says, he refused from a sense of duty the advice of experienced, but irreligious, friends who wanted him to refuse to discuss his love and his possible marriage until after the Coronation, which would have checkmated Baldwin at the cost of damaging the monarchy and sharply dividing the British public into factions. He says: "I certainly married because I chose the path of love, but I abdicated because I chose the path of duty. I did not value the Crown so lightly that I gave it hastily away. I valued it so deeply that I surrendered it rather than risk any impairment of its prestige." As it was, thanks to the Duke, the whole incident had almost no impact on the British constitution or on the position of the monarchy. If it has left a nasty flavour in our mouths that is because Mr. Baldwin and, even more, the Archbishop, could not, after the Abdication, refrain from cant and humbug.

CRITIC

PAPER CHASE

A little paper, shortly to be less,
Increases editorial distress,
A little cut offends the British Press.

A little newsprint, grudgingly supplied,
The Board of Trade contracted to provide—
A little saving may be misapplied.

A little breach of contract by the State
Has guaranteed supplies inadequate—
A little sop arrives a little late.

A Commonwealth and Empire freewill gift
Gives daily journals Overseas a lift,
But Fleet Street publishes a little rift.

The newspaper whose pages number four,
While Ogbomosho gets a little more
Makes Editors and staffs a little sore.

A little paper means a little mind
Unfit to grasp the problems of mankind,
A newsprint slash makes Britain lag behind.

Who would *The Times* to pocket size reduce?
Or for a dwarfish *Guardian* find excuse?
A little paper carries little news.

The freedom of the Press is still our brag,
Though Government bulk-buying hits a snag,
But little papers mean a little gag.

A little newsprint, shortly to be less,
Outrages and insults the British Press,
A little muddle makes a pretty mess.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

After years of Communism in China a new day was dawning. Hints of a similar awakening were already beginning to show themselves in Worthing. —Speech at Methodist Meeting reported in *Worthing Herald*. (J. Forster.)

Free-lance writer available for book reviewing; prompt replies; guarantee no mention of Kafka.—Advt. in *The Times*. (R. J. P. Hewison.)

I suggest that we women sew large colourful patches in black silk blanket-stitch to our clothes as a sign that we buy only necessities for ourselves and homes to help exports and bring down the cost of living.—Letter in *Evening News*. (N. Emlyn-Jones.)

Management Committee of the Eastbourne Comrades F.C., at the annual meeting on Thursday evening, tried to persuade members to change the name of the club, because, they said, the word "Comrades" savours of Communism.—*Eastbourne Herald*. (J. W. Banks.)

Scottish Housing

How bad is the housing situation in Scotland? Waiting lists for Council houses stretch ten, twenty and more years into the future, and some Local Authorities will accept no more applicants. There are instances of people who have already been on a list for twenty-five years. An enormous number of people require rehousing for specific reasons of overcrowding, ill-health, and slums. The worst housing in Scotland is abominable. Not only are the slums of Edinburgh or Glasgow more atrocious than in England or the rest of Europe, but a far greater proportion of people is committed to them. In addition, there is a normal demand for new houses to meet changing industrial needs. The last White Paper on Industry and Employment in Scotland (1949) claimed that the housing shortage was the cause of many demands for labour being unmet.

It is difficult to assess the true position. Individuals and organisations, such as Mrs. Jean Mann in Parliament and the Church of Scotland in Assembly, have estimated Scottish needs to be five to seven times as great as those of England, but one has to go back to the 1931 census to get the last factual information. In that year 71 per cent. of Scottish houses had 3 apartments or less. The equivalent English figure was 15 per cent. There is a 1935 estimate of overcrowding, with a Scottish figure of 22.6 per cent. of overcrowded houses, against an English figure of 3.8 per cent. (The relative situation was probably worse as the standards of overcrowding were, and still are, less stringent in the North.)

Over a million Scottish people are denied a reasonable home-life, and of them a very large number exist in premises no better than a primitive farmstead, and considerably less healthy. Working condition, wages, educational facilities and so on may improve but housing is the greatest single obstacle to a better standard of living. It is directly responsible for the continuing high rate of emigration, the death rate from social diseases, the invidence of T.B., and unfitness for employment.

The traditional Scottish house was tiny—the "but-and-ben" of the country cottage, the "single-end" or "double-end" of the city, and this type of dwelling was erected until the beginning of the first world war. The concentration of people during last century in the industrial belt resulted in the vast tenement, the multi-storied warren of masonry that could not have been erected in brick. Stone favoured solidity and size. By any standards the interiors were grossly inadequate. Sanitation hardly existed. These buildings are still in use, and in the worst of them it is customary for some families to make use of the nearest municipal lavatories. Within a few hundred yards of where a super-cinema in Edinburgh dispenses its social anodyne, there is a stench of squalor that is probably not paralleled in Europe north of the sun-drenched slums of the Mediterranean. *No Mean City* portrayed an environment that is the common lot of tens of thousands of Scots. One labours this point to emphasise the real difference between housing needs on different sides of the Border.

In 1944 it was estimated that there were then about 1,300,000 houses in Scotland, a quarter of which had been built in the previous twenty years. It was computed that 519,000 new houses of modern standards were required—the majority to cater for overcrowding and slum clearance. This large number became the target of the post-war planning programme. Since 1945 about 120,000 "family units of accommodation" have been provided, including not only temporary houses but such obvious make-shifts as huts and camps. Some 71,000 new permanent houses (at 31st March) make up the greater part of the total and to this can be added 5,000 more or less permanent conversions. Since precise figures of what is needed are not available one has to proceed by intelligent guesswork. Allowing the 30,000 Scottish pre-fab temporaries to be permanent, as undoubtedly most of them will, it can be estimated that about 400,000 new "units" have still to be built. With 3½ persons to a house this suggests that 1,400,000 people need homes. The population is 5,000,000.

The Scottish Department of Health has published a method by which a local authority can meet its incredibly difficult problem of allocating houses as they become available. It postulates a burgh with 3,000 families on its waiting list and building 200 houses a year. Of 300 families who require new housing because of ill-health, 20 get a house in a year. Of 1,260 who are overcrowded, 82 get a house. Of 1,440 families in unfit houses, 88 are rehoused. Only 10 houses are reserved for incoming key-workers and emergency cases. And so the crumbs are shared.

This Departmental example bears out to some extent calculations that can be made from other figures. The hypothetical burgh requires 15 years, at 200 houses a year, to solve its problem. The total Scottish need of 400,000 new homes can be met in 15 years if building is at the rate of 27,000 a year. This rate has not yet been achieved. Last year's figure was over 25,000 and this year the target is nearer 26,000. By 1952 it is hoped to reach 27,500. It is not possible to allow for needs that will arise through demolitions, nor is it certain how many over-crowded premises will immediately be re-

scheduled as unfit once the surplus families have gone. Such information as is available is complicated by the fact that not all local authorities keep their waiting lists in good order. Those who have closed their lists, in understandable desperation, cannot provide an exact indication of their needs.

It seems, however, that fifteen years at a minimum are required to house Scotland with elementary decency. It is possible to claim that the problem has been fairly tackled and will be solved as the years pass. But there are plenty of people on both sides of the political fence who say that Scottish housing should be treated as an emergency and that normal measures of planning and output are not good enough. There has been criticism of the Government for allowing capital cuts to affect Scottish housing. There are Labour groups who claim, with obvious justification, that the lack of houses is an acute social crisis, meriting the most drastic handling.

The Tories criticise present methods on two grounds: they want to re-introduce the private building of houses and they want to "take housing out of politics." Private building, however, has not played a great part in Scottish housing. Between the wars English house-building relied mainly on the private builder, who remains responsible for a far greater proportion of post-war building than does his Scottish equivalent. In Scotland, between the wars, the private builder provided less than a third of the total houses constructed. (The figures for 1919-39 are—Scotland, local authorities, 240,000; private builders, 103,000; England, local authorities, 1,178,000; private builders, 3,056,000.) It is, therefore, through the local authorities that Scottish houses will be built. They are allocated a target each year, based on the availability of material and labour. No authority which has completed its allocation in any year has failed to receive a new allocation from St. Andrew's House. Good authorities are thus encouraged, but there is little redress against those who find difficulty in meeting their targets.

The Scottish housing programme stands or falls on the local authority level, and too often the manœuvring of party politics around the council chamber puts a brake on construction schemes already full of difficulty. Trouble over sites, manpower, wages, are problems that cannot always be ironed out through reference back to St. Andrew's House. The "permissive" legislation behind the programme cannot inject a recalcitrant authority with vigour. And the full chain of events—Local Authority: Department of Health: Secretary of State: Parliament—is very cumbersome.

But as long as Council houses must go up, that familiar gentleman the speculative builder, can keep a foot within a sympathetic council door. In one hand he has a contract for municipal housing and in the other hand an agreement for a piece of private building. He finds it useful to offer incentives to operatives working on his private project. He regrets his interpretation of the regulations does not permit him to give similar incentives on municipal schemes. This is one point Labour is fighting. The unions themselves will have to be re-educated if the fifteen-year plan is to be considerably shortened. The idea is still prevalent of men working themselves out of a job. This does not mean that Tory criticism of slow work on the site is justified. A straight comparison of the Scottish labour force and the housing output shows that the country is nearly back to the pre-war formula of one man: one year: one house. In one urban region the pay for this is 2s. 10d. an hour for a "brickie" and 2s. 4½d. for a labourer. The value of incentives is obvious.

But money, the flow of materials, and the waywardness of local politics, mean nothing if the Government will not recognise the emergency. In its much worse plight Scotland is not receiving enough houses, on allocation, to tackle the problem effectively. If London sees no reason for a considerable increase of building in the North, it will have to deal with the Home Rulers. It is interesting that the number of signatories to the Covenant is about the same as the number of Scots who need a house. Meantime the rot in the slums has its obverse in the emigration ships. Fifteen years is too long to wait for a roof of your own.

Edinburgh. NEIL MCCALLUM

Postscript to Enugu

SUPERFICIALLY, at least, the shootings at the Government-owned colliery at Enugu in Nigeria appear to have followed an only too familiar pattern. There was a long history of industrial disputes, culminating in "go slow" and a lockout in which the miners were "deemed to have resigned"; then came negotiations with a Company Union, followed by the realisation (too late) that the genuine Union could not be ignored. Naturally in such circumstances, though the Union returned to negotiate, relations could not be good. There was a further "go slow" strike and a further lockout in retaliation, leading to the climax of the shooting by armed police of 21 unarmed miners. Here, one might say, is the classic pattern of industrial oppression, here is a symptom of administrative incapability so obvious that one needs to look no further before condemning the whole regime.

On the surface, such a judgment is so easy to make that there is danger that the Nigerian administration may be written off out of hand as reactionary and incompetent. Yet, in fact, this administration is almost certainly the most progressive of all British Colonial Governments. On the other hand, it is impossible merely to dismiss the Enugu incident as an unfortunate mistake. While the shooting itself was perhaps not necessarily an inevitable consequence of the situation, no other factors were fortuitous; they developed logically from the conditions in the mines. The important question is why, granted that Nigeria has a progressive, efficient and well informed administration, such conditions should develop at all.

One basic fact dictated that a dispute must arise. While the miners, under pressure from high cost of living, sought continual wage increases, production fell continually. As the Fitzgerald Commission point out, in 1938 the output per hewer-shift was 58.5 cwt., and by January, 1941, it had reached 63.5 cwt.; but thereafter it steadily declined until, in February, 1949, it was only 29 cwt. Despite this fall in output, the hewer's average daily wage was at or above 6 shillings a day—low enough by any European standards, but double the daily rate in 1938.

If this drop in production were a phenomenon special to the mines, there might be some local explanation; but exactly the same drop in production has occurred in other Nigerian industries. The output, for example, of the railway repair workshops shows exactly the same pattern of decline. All through Nigerian industry there is a shortage of skilled technicians. Full employment in Britain naturally restricts the numbers of British technicians available, and in any event the need for opening to Africans the foreman grades restricts severely the number of European technicians employed.

For example, in the railway repair shops—about which more detailed information is available than in regard to the mines—there were before the war only two African foremen and four African assistant foremen. The figures now are 10 African foremen; and 42 African assistant foremen and African train drivers have almost entirely replaced Europeans. No doubt production is effected by the failure in the past to provide for such Africans any adequate technical training.

In the railways, as in the mines, a fall in production has been accompanied by a rise in money wages; but it would be very dangerous to assume that real wages have risen in anything like the same proportion as the money wage has. In Nigeria there is no cost of living index, but the Fitzgerald Commission, in an attempt to get some standard of comparison, did obtain the retail market prices ruling in the Enugu mine area. In comparison with wages, some of the food prices are very high. To take one example, the protein content of the miners' diet is largely provided by beans. The Iru bean, which is the highest in protein content, was at the time selling at 3 shillings per pound. Rice, which would give a better vitamin content than the farina flour, was selling at 3d. per cup, as compared to a ½d. a cup for farina.

The calory content of the average African industrial worker's diet in Nigeria is estimated at around 2,500, as compared with the figure of 3,500 considered desirable in the case of workers in the East African Ground Nut Scheme, but the main criticism of the West African industrial diet is not the calory content but the absence of vitamins and of protein. No doubt something could be done by means of education to improve the diet without involving extra food expenditure, but in the main the food problem is one of cost. An African University lecturer in preventative medicine told me that his calculation was that the African industrial worker's productivity was reduced by one-third through malnutrition. But this factor again gives no answer to the problem of the decline in productivity unless it can be argued that, in spite of the considerable rise in money wages, there has been an actual decline

in real wages. It is, however, one of the most important factors governing the general level of production in Africa ; and if it could be solved, it would of course make possible great increases in output.

There is an absence of nearly all types of social security. For that reason trade union pressure is very often aimed at obtaining security rather than increase of wages. On the railways, for example, and in the Government works departments, there has been built up an elaborate system of official warnings and the like which must proceed a dismissal, and there is a tendency in some European quarters to link the fall in production with this increased security. It may possibly be a factor ; but in the mines, where no such security exists, the same decline in production occurs and it is therefore unlikely to be a major factor. It is true that, where low wages are paid and there are no immediate outlets for increased earnings other than an improvement in diet, the worker is inclined to continue the low diet to which he has grown accustomed and to make use of the higher wage to obtain more leisure. The very fatigue occasioned by malnutrition makes him unwilling and indeed unable to escape from the vicious circle which might be broken by his working longer and thus securing sufficient funds to buy an adequate quantity of food.

The remedy is somehow so to raise production as to raise wages above the dead centre where the worker merely seeks increased leisure. This could be done quite easily at Enugu if production could be brought back to the 1941 level, and the Fitzgerald Commission had various suggestions as to how this might be achieved by the improvement of labour relations. But the problem which occurs in detail at Enugu is merely a part of the general problem facing West Africa. The Colonial office, in the days of Mr. Creech Jones, used to be criticised by old-style Colonial officials of the Lord Milverton type, for insisting upon constitutional reform rather than concentrating on economic issues which, they said, alone could raise the standard of living and thus make African self-government practical. But just as at Enugu it is impossible to raise output without associating the ordinary African worker with the day-to-day problems of production, so in Africa as a whole it is impossible to effect economic changes unless they are effected by active African co-operation.

Ultimately the problem of industrial output is a political issue, a matter of associating the worker with the industry in such a way that he realises that he will himself gain from its efficient running. At the moment, difficulties of language and lack of personnel cut off almost completely the European management from the African worker. In consequence, misunderstandings which would never even arise in Britain can become major industrial issues. The Fitzgerald Commission, therefore, very rightly stress the need for Joint Production Committees, proper trade union organisation and a Ministry of Labour in the Colony of rank equal to other Colonial Government Departments. But something much more than this is also required.

African development bears the burden of the neglect of the inter-war years. To give just one example, in the eight years between the completion of the Nigerian railway system and the outbreak of war the rate of investment in track improvement, additional locomotives and rolling stock was only equivalent to 6d. in every £1 of the railways gross income. During the war, except for some "Lease-Lend" locomotives and rolling stock, no capital investment was undertaken. To-day, therefore, large capital expenditure is necessary unless the worker is to be asked to produce more with plant and machinery which is progressively less and less capable of doing its job. But where is this capital to come from? The Colony is too poor to raise it by taxation. The extra-territorial nature of the principal commercial concerns—the United Africa Company for example—means that there is very little domestic capital seeking local investment, and therefore capital can only be provided by Governmental or inter-Governmental investment. It is this sort of investment which is the first to suffer in competition with increased armament expenditure. The future of Africa depends far more than is at first apparent upon the cessation of the Cold War.

GEOFFREY BING

Furniture and Its Makers—II

THE war brought both prosperity and Utility to the furniture manufacturers : it also brought great advances to the workers in the industry. The trade unions—of which the Furniture Trade Operatives, with 72,000 members, is the largest—represent about 85 per cent. of the employees, and those still unorganised are mainly in seaside towns, on repair work, or in tiny firms. Their Federation has a national agreement with the employers' Confederation, regulating wages, hours, holidays, apprenticeship, short-time and similar issues, whereas in 1939 there were at least 32 local agreements and much of the industry was unorganised. There is a 45-hour week, two weeks paid holiday and six public holidays a year, a basic rate for journeymen of each defined craft and, generally, equal pay for women. Before the war, an average worker might make less than three pounds a week : to-day, seven pounds would be a minimum, and many workers have been taking home between twelve and twenty pounds. This, of course, reflects boom conditions and piecework. But productivity has gone up and real wages have risen substantially with it. At the same time, there has been a great improvement in labour relations ; there is considerable co-operation between both sides of the industry, and both the unions and the better managements realise that it is in the general interest to make sweating and bad conditions impossible. They were both its victims in the old days.

Nothing, save a general economic collapse, is likely to drive the workers back to their pre-war status, and this means that any attempt to stabilise or cut prices must be done either by skimping quality or by making the industry more efficient. In short, the industry has to set its house in order.

How can this best be done? Nobody has yet produced better proposals than those set out in the excellent Report of the 1946 Working Party, and these have probably set the stage for such reforms as the industry may at present be induced to accept. The first, and most immediate of these, accepted by the unions and most manufacturers, is for the marking of goods with the name and address of the maker. This would bring home responsibility for quality where it belongs. But it is opposed by the retailers, most of whom prefer that their *cachet* should suffice, or else are not too keen that the customer should know who makes their goods. Alternatively, the trade-mark of the maker might be sufficient, thus meeting the argument that some names and places of manufacture might meet with racial or social prejudice on the part of the public. This step would undoubtedly help to maintain standards.

But more is needed. In place of rigid specifications, it might be better to set up performance standards, by which goods could be tested, thus permitting manufacturers to experiment with new designs and materials while giving the public a guarantee of quality. In this way, the industry could recover the flexibility it is denied by the existing Utility scheme, while preventing the production of sub-standard goods. This is probably the only effective way to deal with shoddy stuff : in this industry it is no use relying upon the public to drive the shyster producer out of business. Under normal conditions the cards are often stacked in his favour.

Here again one strikes the vital question of design. The Working Party honestly reported that too much pre-war furniture was of poor design "... and we cannot say too strongly that the inhabitants of our industrial towns should not be fobbed off with ugly things because they live in squalid surroundings, and because for the moment many will accept such things as natural." Yet design is not merely an aesthetic matter. We must ask whether a piece of furniture does its job properly, how long it will last, is it comfortable? Far too few manufacturers employ—or could afford to employ—professional designers, or maintain expensive research programmes into structure, function and materials. They are financially and intellectually bound to old methods.

The only answer to this problem is a co-operative centre for design and research, supported by the industry as a whole, a centre which could not only serve the industry with the latest technical data, but which could also help in the difficult task of educating public taste. There are already firms which would produce good designs if they were not afraid that bankruptcy would be the fate of the pioneer. It is no answer to point to the success of good design in a tiny handful of cases : a few middlebrows and aesthetes will not keep the wolf from the door of a man producing for the mass market. Along with this goes the proposal to set up a National College in which the managements of the future could be trained, not only in narrow techniques, but also in the

broader social and cultural disciplines which make up a proper design for living. Improvements are also needed in the curricula of technical schools and other centres to which entrants to the trade are now going on their firms' time, and a strong case can be made for insisting upon some such training for retailers' staffs as well as those on the production side. (In this trade, there is so little wholesaling that it can almost be disregarded.)

It is to deal with such questions that the Furniture Development Council was set up last year. Its first report was published recently (it is the first development council to assess its work so far) and it shows that a start has been made. In spite of some suspicion that this is the thin end of nationalisation's wedge, the better manufacturers have thrown their weight behind the Development Council because they realise that the industry cannot be healthy, and give the public a square deal, unless it is prepared to bring itself into line with modern conditions and straighten out some of the tangles left by a haphazard and not altogether creditable expansion in the past. But the limited funds of the Council—it raises about £20,000 a year by a small levy on output—are inadequate to do the job thoroughly. It can only map out the road ahead, advise and encourage. The rest is up to the industry. There are some manufacturers who would like to sponsor a Guild, modelled on the City Companies, which could—not being tarred by the statutory brush—establish a system of business ethics, encourage higher technical standards and better training, for an increasing number of firms are in favour of reforms. I am not sure whether this would overlap too much with the Development Council's work (and there are enough committees already) or whether it could be as effective as its advocates believe. But it is at least a sign of the times.

At bottom, the troubles of the furniture industry spring from the fact that it "just growed," inheriting some of the worst features of the industrial revolution and few of its benefits. Its organisation, its outlook, its methods are still too chaotic and out of date. It has conditioned the public to certain tastes; in the past, it has often fleeced customers who could ill afford it; and its costs have been kept high both by wasteful competition and by wide variations in efficiency. Both the time and the opportunity have come for a change. Unaided, the public cannot ensure it. The Government could drive the industry into it, unless it were prepared to face the enormous economic and social problems that would arise from bulk orders and manufacture. It is for the manufacturers to show that they can carry through the plans of the Working Party and the Development Council. If they do, they will not find the public as unresponsive as the retailer would have them believe.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

GARDENER'S WORLD

"I've doubts about Formosa, Ted."
"You mean the polyanthy, mum?"
"I *meant* Korea—" "Ah," he said,
"Now *that's* a *fine* chrysanthemum."

JOYCE JOHNSON

So They Say . . .

LAST week, on July 13, the *Daily Herald* ran an editorial reporting a "plentiful and sickening crop of atrocity reports." A newspaper, it pointed out, when reporting warfare, "must record charges of atrocity which appear authentic; otherwise it is not honestly performing its function. The *Daily Herald* has printed evidence of cruelty committed by Koreans on both sides . . . atrocities are horrible; but the distortion of reports concerning them, for propaganda purposes, is no less nauseating . . ." That day, the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail* and *Daily Mirror*, performing their function, carried a front page picture calculated to shock any reader: an American soldier, face down, with his hands tied behind his back.

The following day, however, came the first report of large-scale atrocities in Southern Korea, cabled from MacArthur's headquarters by (amongst others) Roy MacArtney of Reuter's. He stated that Kim Tai Soo, chief of the South Korean police, "confirmed to-day that 1,200 Communist 'security risks' have been executed since the outbreak of war." This story apparently did not stand up to the *Daily Herald's* test of authenticity, for I could not find it in the *Herald*—nor in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Graphic*, or *Daily Mirror*.

The same day *The Times* correspondent reported: "The South Korean police brought several hundred of the more prominent Communist prisoners South with them. When unable to bring them farther because of transport difficulties, they have taken them into the hills, made them dig a communal grave, and then shot them." *The Times* correspondent also had the temerity to suggest that reports of massacres of Southern sympathisers in North Korea were "greatly exaggerated," and that reprisals were often the work of "criminal elements" released together with Communists from jails by the Communist armies—elements which had suffered from the "traditionally brutal Japanese police methods" inherited by the Koreans.

That day also the *News Chronicle*, which reported "1,200 RED SPIES SHOT," was the only paper (apart from the *Daily Graphic*) to omit the North Korean Government's agreement to Trygve Lie's request to both sides to observe the Geneva Convention. And although earlier in the week most papers reported that "Communist suspects" and guerillas were receiving "short shrift" in South Korea (Uno observers watched their backs being broken with a "sickening crack"), only one paper, the *Daily Worker*, recalled General Eisenhower's warning to the Germans after the 1944 invasion that "reprisals against Resistance groups violate the rules of warfare by which Germany is bound."

On Tuesday, July 1, the *Daily Express* ran a large picture of a small barefooted child staring glumly at the camera. The caption read: "South Korean baby looks out bewildered at Suwon as he waits for transfer to a zone away from the bombs and shells that have made him a refugee of the 1950 war." Underneath it the *Express* reprinted, as a comparison, the famous 1937 picture of a Chinese baby weeping amongst the ruins.

In the Fleet Street window of the Associated Press picture agency there appeared the same 1950 picture from Korea. It included a background, omitted by the *Express*, showing a group of laughing Koreans. The A.P. caption described how this child's "antics" before the unaccustomed camera were 'relieving the tension' in Suwon. . . ." The *Worker*, though seizing on this "camera propaganda," omitted to notice atrocities in the North, blaming all the "horrors" on "the American invasion of Korea."

Business As Usual

Time, *July* 10, *p.* 9:—

"War is not around the corner, it's here!" shrilled Dallas' Alexander Motor Co. 'What will you do? Play safe or be caught with an old car?"

AUTOLYCUS

Professional

I NEVER heard Charles Adams say much before. He is the sort of man whom you exchange nods with in the Club. I believe he is very distinguished, one of our leading nerve specialists. He looks the part. He has strong features, grey hair and an authoritative manner; altogether he is the powerful, reassuring, yet kindly type that you see in the patent medicine advertisements. It was a remark of mine that started him off. I said that the difference between being young and middle-aged was that in youth you mind making a fool of yourself, and that later on you go on doing it but cease to lie awake blushing about it.

"I'll tell you a thing that happened to me not long ago," he said. "It's the fate of neurologists to be bothered by women,—and men for that matter—who want advice. I was sitting in my consulting room a few weeks back when a perfect Amazon was shown in to see me. She was really a magnificent creature, with splendid chestnut hair, and a dazzling pair of dark eyes.

"I put on my best professional manner and asked what I could do to help her. She said that she wanted my advice. She had been married for five years and she and her husband both badly wanted children; she had just discovered that he was not able to give them to her. They agreed that their marriage would probably break up unless they had a child and what she wanted to tell me—dammit!—was whether she ought to go and have a child by another man! Her husband was willing and prepared to give the child his name and all the rest of it. What did I think?

"I told her—I'm afraid that I must have sounded an awful prig—that I was a medical man and not a priest; that she was asking me an ethical and not a medical question. I said that the matter was not as simple as she seemed to think. Had she thought it out? Was she sure that the man she chose to be the father of her child would be satisfied with a single occasion of intimacy? Was it possible he might fall in love with her or she with him? And if so what would happen to her marriage? And was she quite sure that her husband, who was now so amenable, would not be jealous when it came to the test? Even if he were not, could she be sure that he would always be of the same mind? What if the child bore a strong resemblance to its real father? The project seemed to me full of complications. Some of them could be avoided by the process called artificial insemination, in which she would not know who was the father of her child, but she might find other equally strong objections to that. I wasn't for a moment recommending it. I ended by repeating that I could give her no advice. What she proposed might or might not be the best thing for her to do. I was only pointing out that her proposal was not simple.

"All the while I had been talking, my eyes had been fixed on the blotting paper in front of me. At the end I remember that I looked up with my best consulting-room smile. She got up, said 'Thank you, doctor,' and went out of the door without another word. Her expression astonished me. It was exactly as if I had hit her in the face.

"I sat looking at the closed door for some time. After a minute I said, 'Charles Adams, what a bloody fool you are!'"

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Arts and Entertainment

THE VENICE BIENNALE

THIS year's Biennale is one of the most ambitious that has ever been held. It sets out to document the Fauve, early Cubist and early Futurist movements as well as the Blaue Reiter; whole rooms (or cubicles) are allotted to Gino Severini, Medardo Rosso, Viani, the Douanier Rousseau, Seurat drawings, Jacques Villon, Matisse, Bonnard, Utrillo, Ensor, Constable, Matthew Smith, Barbara Hepworth, Marin, Kandinsky, Laurens and many others. Nearly five hundred well-known and unknown Italian artists are represented by less than six works each. (Chirico is not among them: he has set up a "rival Biennale" near the Piazza in protest, apparently, against modern art.) The conscientious tourist has to put in at least five days' work here, even if he skips the minor Italians, Ireland, Israel, South Africa, Brazil, Portugal, Egypt and Colombia, because, if it remains as hot in Venice throughout the summer as it was in June, or if as seems more likely, it grows hotter, he will find progress laborious and constant visits to a neighbouring trattoria for *limone spremuto*, or rests on benches in deep shade, essential. Mopping our foreheads, we were all complaining that there was far too much to see. I cannot hope to "cover" the Biennale since this would fill a whole issue of THE NEW STATESMAN: I have only the space to comment on some of the more interesting exhibits.

SEURAT AND ROUSSEAU. Eighteen Seurat drawings, as though seen through frosted glass, most of them well known, including one of the finest in existence, the recently published study for the *Grande-Jatte* belonging to Vitale Bloch. Over fifty years ago, Signac wrote that Seurat's drawings were "*les plus beaux dessins de peintre qui soient*": this was certainly true of modern times, and nothing has occurred in the interval to modify that judgment. The exhibition of the *dogana're* was marred by the presence of three or four dubious paintings but it would be ungenerous not to refer to three famous masterpieces that all but compensated for this disappointment: the *Football Players*, the *Country Wedding* and *M. Juniet's Cart*.

MEDARDO ROSSO (1858-1928). The sculptor of evanescent effects, of sensations, not of material objects in established poses. He emerges, as anyone of his generation, coming to maturity in 1880, would, out of naturalism, but one senses that painting, not sculpture, is his cherished model. Later, he creates a series of fugitive heads, true "symbolist" sculpture, wrapped in mystery: Eugène Carrières, one might call them, or d'Annunzio sonnets in wax.

FAUVES. The visitor carries away a reasonably clear impression of this movement in which all the best young painters in France between 1904 and 1907 except Picasso participated. Two of them, Derain and Vlaminck, never quite recaptured the freshness, the vigour, the audacity of their experiments in this style. They were then very young men who soon embarked on quite different exploits; but just as one may suddenly recognise in old school photographs of one's friends, some feature that survives into manhood, however much personality may be hidden behind the unformed face, whatever efforts with folded arms and fixed expressions the individual may make to melt into the group, so these Fauve pictures, at first sight stereotyped, in course of time come to reflect the separate characters, familiar from mature work, of their creators.

CUBISTS. Braque, Gris, Léger, Picasso about 1907-14. The show is too scrappy to give more than the haziest notion of these miraculous years, but no screen in the Biennale is more distinguished than that dedicated to Gris. Set in confusion is caused by the faulty dating in the catalogue of Braques and Picassos.

BLAUE REITER AND KANDINSKY. As 1914 approaches, Marc seems to grow increasingly conscious of disaster; as in the contemporary work of Boccioni, his forms clash and explode. Macke has a streak of sentimentality, of elegance which sets him a little apart from the movement. Here was an opportunity to trace the almost imperceptible transition, from 1908 to 1910, from the Expressionist-Fauve to the Expressionist-abstract Kandinsky, and to contrast his lyrical youth with the set-squares and jewel-like circles of his middle and old age, to the undoubted advantage of the former.

REMAINDER OF ITALIAN PAVILION. Room after room of what Bloomsbury used mistakenly to call *faux bon*: faux Bonnard, faux Braque and—most surprising of all—faux Moore. There cannot be many cases in history when an Italian sculptor, turning his back on an incomparably rich heritage, has recourse to an English model: but the Moore show in Venice two years ago has struck roots in the *Giardini*. Outstanding among Italian exhibits are Boccioni; the very early, Futurist (but not the later) Carrà, in this guise unaccountably absent from the Tate exhibition, under the strong influence of Cubism but also, it seems, of Piranesi; an attractive series of Severinis of all periods from 1910 to the present day; and finally the Social Realists. It is invigorating to come on the room where the latter exhibit, after passing over so many tasteful imitators of the great modern masters, since they at least are alive. Though often crude and propagandist, they have revived for our time something of the pioneer spirit of the Futurists that slept during the Fascist era.

FRENCH PAVILION. A poor and apparently unsystematic selection of Bonnards. A more representative collection of his work was on view concurrently at Bernheim-Jeune in Paris, and some more beautiful examples at Roland, Browse and Delbanco in London. Anyone who had never heard of Maurice Utrillo might have been astonished by a whole room devoted to this apparently second-rate painter. This is because the majority date from after 1922 when his powers declined. The subtlety of his street scenes executed before and during the first war has blinded critics to the mediocrity of his later work. The Matisse show, on the other hand, taken in conjunction with his works in the Fauve exhibition, is a feast for the eye, but even in his distinguished case the same criticism applies: seldom in recent years has he been able to raise himself up to the height of his own youth, when under the spell of Chardin, Cezanne, Gauguin and Neo-Impressionism he always kept reserves of power just below the surface of delicacy.

BRITISH PAVILION. Two years ago the British pavilion was among the best in Venice, but it was asking too much for this success to be repeated. Without wishing to imply a criticism of relative value, I should say that Henry Moore and Turner were sufficiently at home in the South to stand up to this sun. But Barbara Hepworth's ovals and perforated forms seemed bleak; and to take impassive Constable to Venice was like introducing an eminent ecclesiast to a climate to which he was totally unaccustomed. However, he was admirably selected and shown. The idea of having very few artists to represent Great Britain (would that the Spanish pavilion contained nothing but Goya and Miró!) is excellent, but the choice has to be most carefully made. Perhaps the Venetians would be interested to see some more early Sickerts and recent Sutherlands.

Before congratulating oneself on the thoroughness of one's tour of inspection, it is essential to visit the Mexican pavilion where the paintings of Rufino Tamayo, fusing Mexican and European traditions, are a revelation, and the drawings and sculpture—the most impressive if least attractive sculpture in the whole Biennale—of Henri Laurens who shares with Kandinsky, Arp and Zadkine a pavilion across a canal. And when this is over, one may be allowed to return by *vaporetto* to the Piazza, with nothing left to distract one from Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, Sansovino and Palladio.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

GLYNDEBOURNE

I NOTICE a tendency to take Glyndebourne for granted. But it was always a miracle; and to have restored pristine standards in the changed conditions of 1950 is hardly less miraculous than Mr. Christie's original achievement of 1934. I wish it could be cheaper and more widely accessible, just as I wish I could stop the Korean war; but I can't think how. Quality of this sort must be paid for by somebody; and broadcasting (not to mention the gramophone) diffuses the exquisite musical results to a very wide public. This year we return to Mozart, and to the old inimitable combination of talents, with the superlative musicianship of Fritz Busch to balance the superlative stagecraft of Carl Ebert. Each needs the other; they have been too long apart. In one other department Glyndebourne is also, unfortunately, back to normal. Except for Caspar Neher's *Macbeth* (and, to a lesser degree, his Edinburgh *Ballo*), the visual side of these productions has always been second-rate; and now we have descended from Hamish Wilson to Rolf Gérard. As we gaze at his conception of *Così fan tutte* (stiffly painted marine backcloth with knife-edge horizon, light summer furnishings, commercial balustrades and clumsy screens, the whole encased in a jet-black false proscenium like a Victorian mourning envelope) we think sadly of what another artist could have made of this heaven-sent opportunity. I know that Mr. Gérard's work (he designed Covent Garden's *Figaro*, and is about to repeat the process for Edinburgh) has been highly praised by musical critics; but let them ask the opinion of anyone passionately interested in the visual arts, and they will receive a shock.

However, it is the music that matters most; and Mozart's scores, as realised in this small auditorium by Busch and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, come through with a delicacy and clarity, a roundness and balance, such as we hardly know elsewhere. Among the singers, too, we find complete freedom from the besetting sin of post-war Vienna: the tendency to coo, whisper and suggest the vocal lines, instead of singing out in a full and steady legato. Ensemble has always been Glyndebourne's particular glory; but these ensembles have fullness and body as well as great vivacity and precision. In the youthful *Entführung*, so full of stylistic incongruities, ensemble, it must be allowed, sometimes matters less than sheer star quality; and the new Constanze, Ilse Hollweg, is hardly a star. Her stage presence is unremarkable; her voice, though it improves as it ascends, is of mediocre quality in the lower octave. The rest of the cast was good, especially the lyrical Belmonte of Richard Holm, the sprightly Pedrillo of Murray Dickie, and the overpoweringly fruity Osmin of the Hungarian basso profundo, Endre Koreh, who looked just like those wooden elderly gogglers on the front cover of *Esquire*.

Così, being stylistically uniform, is always easier to manage; but this year's triumphant performances had some points of superiority even over those at Edinburgh in 1948 and 1949. Helped by the Glyndebourne acoustics, Busch draws a more sharply cut range of detail from the score, without sacrificing any of Gui's smoothness and flow. Mario Borriello, as Don Alfonso, has not the incisive and infectious personality of Mariano Stabile (who has?); but he sings better. And for once we had, in the Despina of Alda Noni, a real Neapolitan soubrette instead of a Viennese pre-incarnation of Johann Strauss's Adele. The sisters were delicious. The American, Blanche Thebom, made a spirited Dorabella, while last year's Dorabella, the exquisite Sena Jurinac, moved up to become the best Fiordiligi of our time. She has youth, beauty, fine taste and a beautifully solid, yet flexible,

tone; she lacks only one necessary adornment, a shake. Kunz repeated his endearing Guglielmo of 1948; and Richard Lewis was as good a Ferrando as could be expected from a singer who undertakes so excessive a quantity of new and difficult music per month. In the very middle of Glyndebourne, for example, he contributed a fine Achille to Roger Desormière's excellent B.B.C. performances of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide*, in which Gre Brouwenstijn and an English newcomer, Jennifer Vyvyan, also distinguished themselves.

Altogether this has been a week to restore one's faith in current operatic standards. Did anyone hear the B.B.C. repeat of a Hamburg radio performance of Eugen d'Albert's one-act opera, *Die Abreise* (1898)? I lack space for more than the barest and roundest assertion that the whole thing was sheer perfection: the music a model of light operatic writing, all delicately turned melody with a minimum of recitative (English composers please copy); the performance a continuous demonstration of the pleasure good style can offer. Will the B.B.C. please let us hear it once again; and will everyone in this country who has anything whatsoever to do with opera please listen to it, and learn?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Letter from an Unknown Woman" and "Movie Crazy," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

"Fanny," at the Curzon

Well, here at last is Max Ophuls's *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, and I shall be surprised if it does not act as a magnet to sensitive film-goers. The only pity is that we haven't its companion piece *Liebelei*, showing elsewhere, so as to be able to compare the two. I should quite gladly myself give up a week to seeing these films on alternate nights.

Liebelei was made in Berlin in 1932, *Letter from an Unknown Woman* sixteen years later in Hollywood. The dates, however, count for little, since the inspiration of both is, pressingly, the same. Vienna of the 1900's—Wiener Schnitzler—winter streets, opera and cafés, cabs and lamps, stiff social graces, tender sprees, the innocent young love ending in the duel. It is a world we may think we know already, but what we know, from other films, from the stage and the bandstand, is only its vulgarisation. In each of his lightly tragic idylls, Ophuls rediscovers that world. He has devised his own narrative means (superior, in my opinion, to those of his literary originals) by which every moment is filled with poetry. How, in ten minutes, he fills the screen with the sunshine, bells, gossip, and an absurd, offer-of-marriage of a Sunday morning in Linz! How the spirals of a bannister can infect us as we look down them over the shoulder of a young girl in love! Every moment, calling for delay, must hurry on; and from moment to moment, between what is expressed and what restrained, a rare balance is achieved. Ophuls must be, of course, in love with this dream capital of lost loves, or he couldn't have realised it so delicately in the corners of an American studio. Do the voices at all break the illusion? Not after the beginning; we forget them in the enchantment of the whole piece and especially of Joan Fontaine's performance of it. Among film-makers in exile Ophuls must be unique in having thus preserved himself. He was born in the Saar. His next film will take him to Vienna: hitherto, as a director, he has conjured it up in absence.

A revival of Harold Lloyd's *Movie Crazy* also distinguishes the programme at the Cameo-Polytechnic. In parts it is still very funny—twice as funny, that's to say, as anything we have seen out of Hollywood for a couple of years at least. Harold Lloyd isn't a great comedian, and personally I should put Buster Keaton far higher, but as the natty rider of excruciating circumstance he's his own master. I remember him, like a schoolboy in love, dropping parcels; hanging, for all eternity, on the minute-hand of a clock over Broadway; and whenever, with straw hat and gig-lamps, he looks up in consternation, a dreadful in-squint seems about to develop. *Movie Crazy* brings us three slowly prolonged screams: his chase after a shoe in a torrential gutter, his adoption of a conjurer's tails as he joins the dance, and the fight to end all fights in a flooded studio set. Let us have, from time to time, a little more of this very efficient, mildly appealing comedian.

Marcel Pagnol's *Fanny*, the centre-piece of a triptych, revives a sentimental comedy never before, I think, seen publicly in London. It exploits, at its own pace, the trills and cadenzas of the Marseilles shop-keeper, and with Raimu at his wonderful best, and Charpin and others only below him, it furnishes comedy as bubbly as any the screen has provided. Its second hour unravels less fun and more drama and sentiment, and it ends with a hopelessly theatrical climax. The trouble, though, is less in the characters and the writing than in the monotonous insistence on making as little use of the film medium as possible. The inert direction would have killed any other film within thirty minutes. That so much of *Fanny* should still survive, and survive gloriously, is a tribute to its inherent life.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE new poem of some length specially written for broadcasting, whether in the form of a play or not, remains the most difficult kind of programme that the radio journalist has to assess. We possess neither a tradition of verse written for the ear nor a tradition of listening to verse, at least verse of any length, so that when the poet writes for radio the demands made both on him and the listener are considerable and unusual. Having heard Miss Kathleen Raine's *The Travelling Fair* when first broadcast a few weeks ago, I listened again the other evening. It is described as "an allegory in verse," and the allegory presents little enough difficulty: Miss Raine sees the characteristic figures of the fair, the old woman spinning, fate-like, the candy floss, the young man riding the Wall of Death, the strip-tease girl and so on, as representations of primordial archetypes; hers is a mythological fair. And the verse, as descriptive writing, was admirable: it was a real as well as a mythological fair that we were being shown. Why, then, the feeling of dissatisfaction that remained? Why did one think that *The Travelling Fair* would be more enjoyable read than listened to? Mainly, it seems to me, because the movement of the poem as a whole was wrong—wrong, that is, for radio. The ear, listening to a poem lasting forty-five minutes, expects, I believe, a dramatic progression, dramatic conflict, a climax and resolution; and this demand Miss Raine did not satisfy. Her poem was a series of illustrated panels, each essentially static, separated one from another by interludes of singing. One saw the point of this; and yet the device seemed misguided, for, instead of providing change it merely provided confusion: one does not, in fact, listen to poetry in anything like the same way in which one listens to Miss Flora Nielsen, Mr. René Soames, Mr. Owen Brannigan and the B.B.C. Men's Chorus singing settings of the poet's words. As a piece for radio, then, *The Travelling Fair* seems to me not to succeed; which is not in the least to deny its beauty and distinction as a poem.

The two half-hour programmes compiled and introduced by Mr. John Bryson, *Nineteenth Century Parody and Burlesque*, disappointed in quite another way. I do not think I have heard anything duller, flatter or more perfunctory. Part of the trouble lay with the material: Canning's Anti-Jacobin poems, James and Horace Smith on Wordsworth, J. K. Stephen's Wordsworth sonnet, Calverley on Browning, Godley on his motor bus, these lost their novelty years ago and scarcely need a ceremonial disinterring in the Third Programme to-day. And then Mr. Bryson never seemed to have considered what he meant by parody and burlesque, for the programme included Lear's *The Owl and the Pussy Cat* and extracts from *The Hunting of the Snark*, works which in my view exist on an altogether different level of creation from that of Canning and the rest. They were presented, however, in exactly the same way; they were read archly, facetiously, with a grim determination that we should not fail to see the joke. All in all, it was a pretty grim hour.

WILLIAM SALTER

John Craxton, at the Mayor Gallery

There is one substantial addition to John Craxton's work in this small exhibition of 15 paintings and drawings—a picture called "The Greek Farm." The protagonists in the scene—a man standing with his head among the leafage of a vine, a woman setting a cat to play with an ear of wheat, a child dancing at the end of its father's arm, one sunflower—are each set, as in the large "Pastoral" of his previous show, within and against a plane, which establishes the figure's ambience. In this picture the framework of planes is unusually severe and obtrusive—the simplest arrangement of rectangles. What keeps the picture decorative, what makes the parts better than the whole, what is, consequently, its weakness, is the refusal of these planes to add up to an environment, such an environment of space as was created in the "Pastoral." The parts are only just held together, loosely, by their own linear pattern and the direction of their movement. Some of the parts, however, are admirable and in particular, the standing figure of the man—there is another excellent painting of the same theme—the lively little girl and the sunflower. There his cubist language has been animated by his outstanding visual awareness; for Craxton has a more penetrating and understanding eye than most of his contemporaries. He is least successful when he has to invent out of his knowledge of art, rather than out of his visual experience.

B. T.

Correspondence

KOREA

SIR,—The imaginary line drawn at Yalta was the most real and hated thing in Korea. By March-April this year, feeling in South Korea had worked up to war-pitch. North and South Governments denounced as traitors those who participated in each other's conciliation discussions,* and only the U.N. Commission, from its beautiful palace gardens, turned up faithfully when either side sponsored meetings. As neither Government accepted the other's elections as democratic, force seemed the only means for unity. And a solution was imperative, especially for the South.

North Korea, with ten million people, has almost all the hydro-electric power, chemical works (especially of vital fertilisers), timber, iron and high grade coal. The South is almost completely agricultural, with primitive villages in rice valleys among naked treeless hills. The Americans estimated that half of its population of twenty million existed below subsistence level; Koreans shook their heads and put the figure at two-thirds. Until the iron curtain slammed, four million refugees of all classes, poor and rich, many persecuted Christians, poured over the Parallel to add to Southern problems. The city of Seoul, 500,000 pre-war, expanded to 1,500,000. Periodically police swept the beggars off their straw mats in the streets and put them in refugee camps out of sight.

E.C.A. was a stop gap, due to cease in 1952. Faced with this prospect, a strong faction in the South urged war to remove the Parallel. Koreans waited expectantly; posters appeared depicting soldiers pushing down the barrier. Then the ardour cooled.

The Americans had finally convinced the Government that E.C.A. would be withdrawn at the first act of Southern aggression. People paused to compare their army, with its natty American uniforms and small arms, with that of the North, with its tanks and planes, and China and Manchuria waiting beyond. The Southern Koreans despairingly resigned them-

* The last one was held by the North ten days before hostilities began.

selves to selling popcorn to each other and living below the subsistence level. The posters came off the walls. A week before the invasion, the police force was disarmed. Americans made picnic trips to Songdo (Kaesong) to have their photos taken with one foot over the line.

For some reason, American Intelligence did not expect the Northern attack, but it came at a strategic time—before the American grant of substantial military supplies had arrived, and before the Communist guerrillas, still active in the hill areas, had been exterminated. The national dissatisfaction in the South was probably an encouragement.

Although Communism in the South was often popularly identified with the banditry of the local bad boys of the villages, there were widespread Leftish sympathies arising from the economic situation. The Government could not solve the basic problems, and had not sufficient integrity to carry out ameliorating reforms. After two years of self-government, the Korean proverb ran, " A man with a relative in the Government and no cushy job is a fool." So government policy concentrated on Fascist tactics against all Leftist and liberal activity. The truckloads of men in humiliating straw hoods that went through Seoul daily were mainly political prisoners. The police, with Japanese traditions, co-operated in beating up suspects with the help of varied instruments of torture.

National feeling was revealed in the elections of May 31. Synghman Rhee's party is known by everyone except the Americans to be the reactionary party of the poojah, the rich men, with Fascist tendencies. But it would be incorrect to call South Korea a Fascist country, despite many disagreeable features. The elections were, within certain limits (i.e., suspected Reds could not vote as they were in jail), fairly conducted. Rhee's party, disliked but not feared, was well defeated, returning less than 25 seats out of 210. The candidates the Government jailed on the Saturday romped home in the voting on Tuesday. But well over half of the successful candidates were Independents, elected on anti-corruption platforms, and their shufflings had not yet produced a rival to the one well-organised party in Korea, Rhee's, when the blow from the North fell. Liberals had been hopeful, for the new legislature was chastened. There was talk of implementing the land reforms on the statute books. Attempts had begun to distribute grain at a fixed price.

Their chance is now gone, and the future of South Korea seems to be either as part of the tough Communist state of the North, or as an American arsenal whose favoured citizens will have jeeps. If the Americans have another chance, it is to be hoped they will learn a lesson. The Koreans interpret Western democracy as gadgets plus a voting ticket for the underfed, to compare with the Communist promise of the landlord's ricefield. America must provide more than *Time* magazine (the model for good English and politics in one University at least) to compete with *Das Kapital*, and more than bazookas to put spirit into the Korean soldier fighting his brother. Korean taste for American luxuries and fear of Russia are at present the only inducements for the people of South Korea.

RESIDENT IN SOUTH KOREA

SIR,—May I be permitted, with every respect, to express my complete disagreement with your term " the aggressor " as applied to either side in the civil war now in progress in Korea; a civil war which, according to General Kim Ir Sen, and obviously borne out by the facts, would easily have been over by now had it not been for the American intervention. Were the Irish Republican and Socialist forces which refused to accept the Partition and fought against it in 1921–1922 " aggressors " ? Aggressors against whom or what ? Was the Parliamentary Army under Cromwell " the aggressor " in its campaign against the King and the King's Men ? Mr. Gromyko has already drawn attention to the parallel between North and South Korea and the Northern and Southern American States in the American Civil War. If the United Nations is to be used as a body to prevent the unification and modernisation of small nations, not to speak of their national independence, then the sooner it is wound up the better.

There is another point. Before the British troops withdrew from Southern Ireland (including the North-west) the men were reported as complaining that while they could understand the townsfolk, they couldn't bear " them there hill tribes," meaning the peasants of the West and South. It is an Irish legend, of course, but do the G.I.s know anything more of " them there hill tribes " of Korea than the British soldiers did of the Irish peasants ? The B.B.C. obligingly regales us with the exact weight of bombs per day and night now being dropped on North and South Korean towns alike, but of the people they are being dropped on, their ways and customs, language and aspirations, we hear little or nothing. As Britain is America's partner in this business, may I ask through your columns, sir, what precisely is intended for the Koreans ? Is anything intended, except the devastation of their country, and the common ruin of the contending parties ? What form of local and national government are they to be allowed to have ? Is their language to be suppressed, as under the Japanese, so that they will remain " illiterate in two languages " instead of in one, as in South Korea to-day ?

Korea has been called the " Ireland of the Far East." They are by all accounts an amiable and lovable people. Their neighbours are China and the Soviet Union. Quite obviously, their whole thinking will be conditioned by the desire to live in peace and good fellowship with those neighbours. If it is the object of American, and hence now, British, policy to try to prevent them doing so, then that policy will, as it must, fail. Does it need a poet to remind THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of its usual sound sense in economics ?

Creeksea Hall, EWART MILNE
Burnham-on-Crouch.

SIR,—I have not been able to study your correspondence columns for 1938 and 1939, but my own recollection of the period is sufficiently good to give me a feeling of certainty that they carried no letter in which Brailsford sought to justify non-intervention in the face of aggression by reference to the nature of the regimes we should be defending. Austria was Fascist in 1938 and so was Poland in 1939. Poland, like South Korea to-day, was " as corrupt, as inefficient and as indifferent to all the rules of civil liberty " as Chiang's China or any other unpleasant regime. Its economic system was " private enterprise qualified by graft and cruelty." But those of us who supported collective action against aggression did not regard this as relevant to the question whether aggression should continue unchecked.

The tragedy of the immediate pre-war years was that arguments as perfect in their logic as those adduced by Brailsford could always be prayed in aid by the aggressors and those who helped them to success. The Chinese were nothing like as progressive as the Japanese; the Ethiopians still permitted slavery; the " Anschluss " was widely desired in Austria and had been supported by the Austrian Socialists; the Sudeten Germans were badly treated; the Polish corridor could not be maintained. Those who favoured inaction against aggression were not all friends of Fascism; many allowed themselves to be lost in the labyrinth of political logic. Those who opposed appeasement said that no argument could be strong enough to justify aggression in order to clinch it. They argued that peace could only be preserved if it were shown that force would be met by stronger force. They tried to make the League work, but when that failed they called for collective action outside the League.

In 1938 the demand was for action in support of Austria, and there were no arguments either about the legal machinery to enforce it or about Austria's democratic credentials; in 1939 there were few voices left to argue that we should do nothing because the League was not functioning and Goering and Beck had been hunting together. Brailsford says in so many words that " North Korea is guilty of a reckless act of premeditated aggression." What a tragedy that a great Socialist should tie himself up in the sophistries of appeasement. How right he is that " to be passive spectators of aggression is not behaviour one can justify on general grounds." Special pleading cannot make it more justifiable.

11 King's Bench Walk, ASHLEY BRAMALL
Temple, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—It is time that the reading public realised the increasingly unsatisfactory position of book criticism on the B.B.C. Broadcasting House's chief regular contribution to literary criticism is the excellent " Critics " programme. Nine minutes each Sunday morning are devoted to the discussion of one book—usually, but not always, a new book. Apart from an afternoon rebroadcast of this programme, this is the only regular book review on the Home Service. In case I am accused of unfairness, it should be added that there is one other monthly Home Service programme devoted to book notices—on the Children's Hour ! I should also add that I am a member of a publishing firm.

Until the beginning of April, the next most important review programme was the Light Programme's half-hour " New Books and Old Books," (Saturdays 2 p.m.) which succeeded the rather more enterprising " Books and Authors " nearly three years ago. A temporary six-weeks' programme of half the length, entitled " The Book Club," on the Light Programme on Saturday nights at 9.45 p.m., has just finished, leaving no general book programme on the Light Programme. Then comes a very crowded fortnightly " round up "—it would be stretching the word to call it " criticism "—of recent books on the Woman's Hour (Wednesdays, 2 p.m.). Here current fiction finds its only regular broadcast outlet on a national service. Women also are the only people catered for, however poorly, on Television, which devotes a short afternoon period about once a month in its " Designed for Women " programme.

It may be argued that people interested in books may be confidently expected to be Third Programme listeners. If so, they mostly listen in vain: on an average, one book a week is noticed on this service.

There are those who contend that, Third Programme apart, it is in the Regions rather than at Portland Place that there is a serious respect for culture. If so, then books are strangely neglected. Moreover, their programming shows odd inconsistencies. It is commonly held among publishers, booksellers and librarians that the North is more literary minded than the South. The B.B.C. evidently believes the reverse to be true. For, while the Western Region manages to put on a short but regular review each week—usually of " local interest " books—the Midland Region can only afford a fortnightly programme, while the Northern Region has given no regular air space to books for the past fifteen months. Scotland has to be content with a bare monthly reference to books in an " Arts Review," always broadcast after 10 p.m. To complete the Regional tale, Northern Ireland and Wales confine themselves to occasional " local interest " reviews.

It will be noticed that there is no *regular* literary criticism on the national services during the evening peak-listening periods. Books, it appears, are chiefly read by female afternoon listeners. It would certainly be difficult to imagine worse " off-hours " for many listeners than Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, or Sunday mornings, devoted to " Sunday dinner " preparation in most households.

As to books not mentioned on the air, it would be invidious to particularise, but it may be said that many books which no self-respecting literary editor would pass by are never brought to the attention of any of the Corporation's millions of listeners. And in case it be thought that publishers are so discouraged by the present arrangements that they do not send books to the B.B.C., it should be mentioned that they are the most optimistic as well as philanthropic people. Books pour into Portland Place in shoals and if there is a glimpse of local interest, to the Regions, as well as to the European Television Services.

The reader may well ask, is this due to ignorance, apathy—or listener research ? Mr. Michael Joseph has hit the nail on the head in his recent book on publishing, when he says: " The B.B.C. appears to have no editorial policy for books." There is no Literary Editorial Department at Broadcasting House; no one who exercises anything like the broad control of a literary editor who sees that the leading books are noticed in his journal. There is a literary receiving department, but that is not the same thing, despite the good will of its head. And yet the need for central direction is more vital for a nation-wide service than for a journal with a necessarily limited appeal.

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July list

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(unaccompanied)
Courante and Sarabande—from Sonata No. 4 in D Minor (Partita No. 2)—*Bach* - DB 21063

BARBIROLLI
THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 83 in G Minor ("La Poule")—*Haydn* - - - - - - DB 21076-8

GIGLI
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Serenata: Malinconica; Non conosciuto vo con gli amici o pur co' sogni miei—"Marcella" (Act I)—both by *Giordano* - - DA 1925

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD
with GERALD MOORE, Pianoforte and HERBERT DOVINES, Viola
Gestillte Sehnsucht, Op. 91, No. 1 (from "Two Songs for Alto with Viola and Pianoforte Accompaniment")—*Brahms* - - DA 1932

KARL BÖHM
VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
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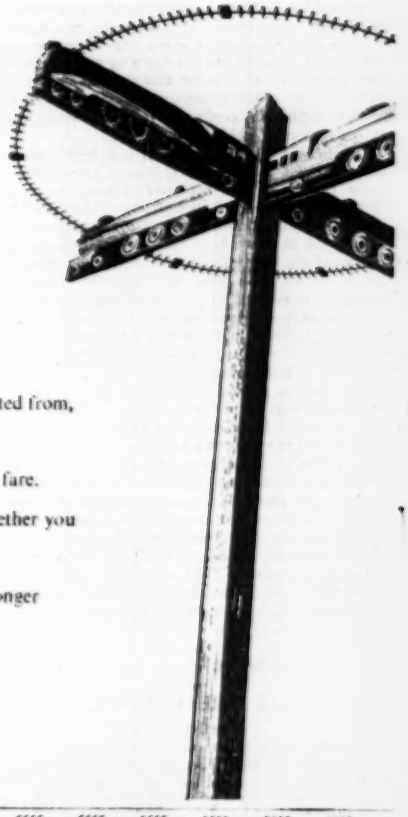

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The problem is clearly a difficult one for a monopoly organisation. Moreover, any attempts to dictate what should be reviewed, or, worse, who should review what, would be fought to the death by the "autonomous republics" in London and the Regions. Co-ordination, to avoid overlapping and duplication—but not, necessarily, conflict of opinion—would also present certain difficulties.

But when all this has been said, it is impossible to accept the view that the B.B.C. has no responsibility in the matter, or that compromise solutions could not be found for the various problems. The radio has done much to increase the interest in modern music: it surely has as much need and as much opportunity to increase the interest in modern literature. And by that I do not refer only to "highbrow" books. Listeners are entitled to hear about practical books, works on baby care and gardening, technical books, books on hobbies and cooking. Millions can be reached who never read a book review. And if it be said by the B.B.C. that there is little evidence to suggest that the general public wants news of books, then the fact that 25 per cent. of the population regularly use public libraries—rather more than the total number of wireless licence holders—should be sufficient evidence. These people would obviously like to hear about books on the subjects of interest to them.

The great problem is one of central direction. The producers can no more do their job without time on the air than literary editors without space in their journals. When the V.I.P.s of Broadcasting House have made up their mind that they have a responsibility for giving the public adequate news about books, the lesser problems are largely organisational, to be solved with due regard to radio's special position.

EDMUND PENNING ROWSELL.

Russell Court, W.C.1.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Worsley, in commenting on the fallacy of treating *Heartbreak House* as a Chehovian play, seems to suggest that the present performers of the piece are in danger of falling into that very trap. Since for many people the significance of the play is shrouded in a mist, and since, as Mr. Shaw approaches his ninety-fourth birthday, it is now the subject of popular discussion, a word from the producer of this production may not come amiss—particularly as the producer's intentions (doubtless through his own fault) appear not to have been made clear to your critic.

Of course *Heartbreak House* is no more Chehovian than *St. Joan* is Chehovian. But no one charged with interpreting the play can fail to note that in it there is, so to speak, an extra dimension. Mr Shaw's range here goes deep as well as wide; he looks into humanity's very soul ("English humanity," if you like) and is disturbed by what he sees. Actors, always quick to detect flaws in character-drawing, will assert with truth that he does not create "real people," though Chehov does precisely that. But in *Heartbreak House* Shaw has done something more, and something which the limitations of "real" characters would have prevented him from doing. He has made a synthesis of human attributes and has examined them in conflict with the whole gamut of problems which face civilization. Hector, Hesione, Shotover and the rest, each present a particular aspect of humanity: regarded separately they are not "human beings," but looked at together they express the complete comical-tragical paradox of Man, the animal who can think but who has yet solved few of the problems that really matter. No wonder another critic has called it "a play of Wagnerian dimensions!"

The flavour of Mr. Worsley's notice suggests (to me) an undue pre-occupation with the comedy of the play, as if he classed it not with *Die Götterdämmerung* but with *Così Fan Tutte*. Now, nothing is easier for Mr. Shaw or for his players than to make the audience laugh. The problem for his interpreters is how to let them laugh without missing those overtones which are no laughing matter. The Mazzini Dunn of the present production (Mr. Hugh Pryse) could easily give Mr. Worsley all the comedy he wants. But since he is trying to express what it costs in this world to bear the standard of Christian humility I suggest that he is already quite "funny pathetic" enough. Your critic rightly praises the fine performances of Miss Catherine Lacey and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald—but surely for the least important reason. The "telling irruptions" of Shotover are what actors call a "gift"—any competent performer properly produced can be telling with them. Miss Lacey could "dazzle" and "point" Shavian witticisms in her sleep. But it is the elemental Mother, Hesione, that matters in this play (for why is her name Hushabye) just as the Shotover that matters is not Shotover the aged clown (funny though he is) but Shotover the poet, the mystic, the philosopher, baffled by the complexities that Man has raised for himself.

It is in emphasising these thoughtful overtones of the play that Miss Lacey and Mr. Fitzgerald and others of the cast have earned the praise of your critic's colleagues and the gratitude of their producer—who must bear full responsibility for all in their performances that Mr. Worsley does not like.

JOHN FERNALD.
Director of Productions: Arts Theatre.

Arts Theatre Club, W.C.2.

[Mr. Worsley writes:—

"I should be sorry to have piqued Mr. Fernald, as I seem to have done, if I had not thereby provoked this interesting reply. If in my notice I had had more space, I should certainly have devoted it to praising the acting of Miss Lacey and Mr. Fitzgerald more adequately than I had room for; but I confess I should, even so, never have arrived at Mr. Fernald's particular estimate of either of them. He seems to me to make altogether too grandiloquent claims for both characters and play. Don't I detect here the romantic heresy? He values only the 'significant' and the 'deep'; he is comparatively contemptuous of comedy and speaks slightingly of the art of comedy acting. I have always heard that Mr. Shaw wrote the most actable of parts, but I have never heard a good actor boast that he could put them over in his sleep. Is comedy really so simple to act, and is a producer of Shaw safe to despise it? Perhaps Mr. Fernald owes more to Miss Lacey and Mr. Fitzgerald than he is fully aware of. Style is the soul of comedy; and it is their superb, their pre-eminent, comic style that I applaud."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

OXFORD PLAYHOUSE APPEAL

SIR,—Some of your readers may perhaps have heard of the crisis with which the Oxford Playhouse (home of the Oxford Repertory Players) was recently faced, and of the Appeal which has been launched. Thanks to local support, the Oxford Playhouse, which was facing the imminent necessity of closing down, has been enabled to carry on during the present summer, and will begin a new season in the early autumn.

A bold policy (with new productions every fortnight, instead of every week) was introduced when the Appeal was launched. Besides making it easier to maintain a high level in choice of plays, this policy has obvious advantages in economy of production.

The Appeal, therefore, has two main objects: to secure immediate financial stability, and to guarantee the company, which is a non-profit making concern, against any future crisis. During the twenty-seven years we have been in existence many of our loyal friends and patrons have, naturally enough, left Oxford. It is in the belief that they may be interested in contributing to our appeal that we ask the hospitality of your columns.

Cheques should be made payable to "The Oxford Playhouse Appeal Fund," and sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the Appeal, The Very Reverend Dr. John Lowe (Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University), c/o Westminster Bank, Ltd., High St., Oxford.

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THE ORIGIN OF DICK BARTON

SIR,—I wonder what Mr. Norman Collins means by suggesting, in "The Inside Story of Dick Barton" that Dick Barton was born, fully grown in 1946, and that he (Mr. Collins) invented his Christian name? The fact is that Dick Barton, like everyone else of his sex, was a boy before he became a man; and his first appearance in fiction (in *His Honour and His School*) proved that the boy was father to the man.

I am indebted for these facts to a re-reading of Mrs. Arnot Robertson's fine novel *Four Frightened People*, published first in 1931. In the first few pages the story is mentioned of how Stewart Corder, as a boy, quite unnecessarily "saved" his cousin from drowning, remarking, on the way home from the exploit: "I say—don't say anything about this at home." The girl, grown-up, comments "It was exactly what Dick Barton (of *His Honour and His School*) would have done; but in his case someone would have blabbed suitably . . . ."

Was Mr. Collins's christening a case of unconscious memory or is he really ignorant that Dick Barton grew up like everybody else?

ALLAN M. LAING

19, Wavetree Nook Rd.,
Liverpool 15.

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—As the writer of the letter to *The Times* on the subject of cricketers' initials, from which you quoted in "This England" last week, I want to express my appreciation of the honour you have done me. Irony is one of the most difficult literary arts. That my modest essay in this medium secured the prominence of the leader page of *The Times* was, I thought, grounds for self-congratulation. That it also evaded completely the sense of humour of the compiler of "This England" was, indeed, an unexpected triumph. Thank you, Sir, for according me this distinction.

JOHN HADFIELD

The Savile Club, W.1.

WILLIAM GERHARDI

SIR,—I must apologise to Mr. William Gerhardi for having erroneously referred to him in your issue of July 1 as a foreigner. Mr. Gerhardi is British by birth and both his parents were English. Though my mistake is inexcusable, I was misled by the fact that he was born in St. Petersburg and is quadrilingual.

ANTONIA WHITE

13 Ashburn Gardens,
S.W.7.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

SIR,—Mr. Middleton Murry's word as to the circumstances of Katherine Mansfield's death is, of course, conclusive. I was wrong in making a blunt statement, although when the story reached me I had no reason for doubting it. A valued correspondent, writing from Paris, now tells me of a rumour among some of those who knew the Fontainebleau institute. It is to the effect that Gurdjieff, in the patient's last stage, had her removed close to the byre, apparently making trial of an old peasant remedy for T.B. that survives in many lands. If the fact were so, it would cover the point as to her dying outside the house.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

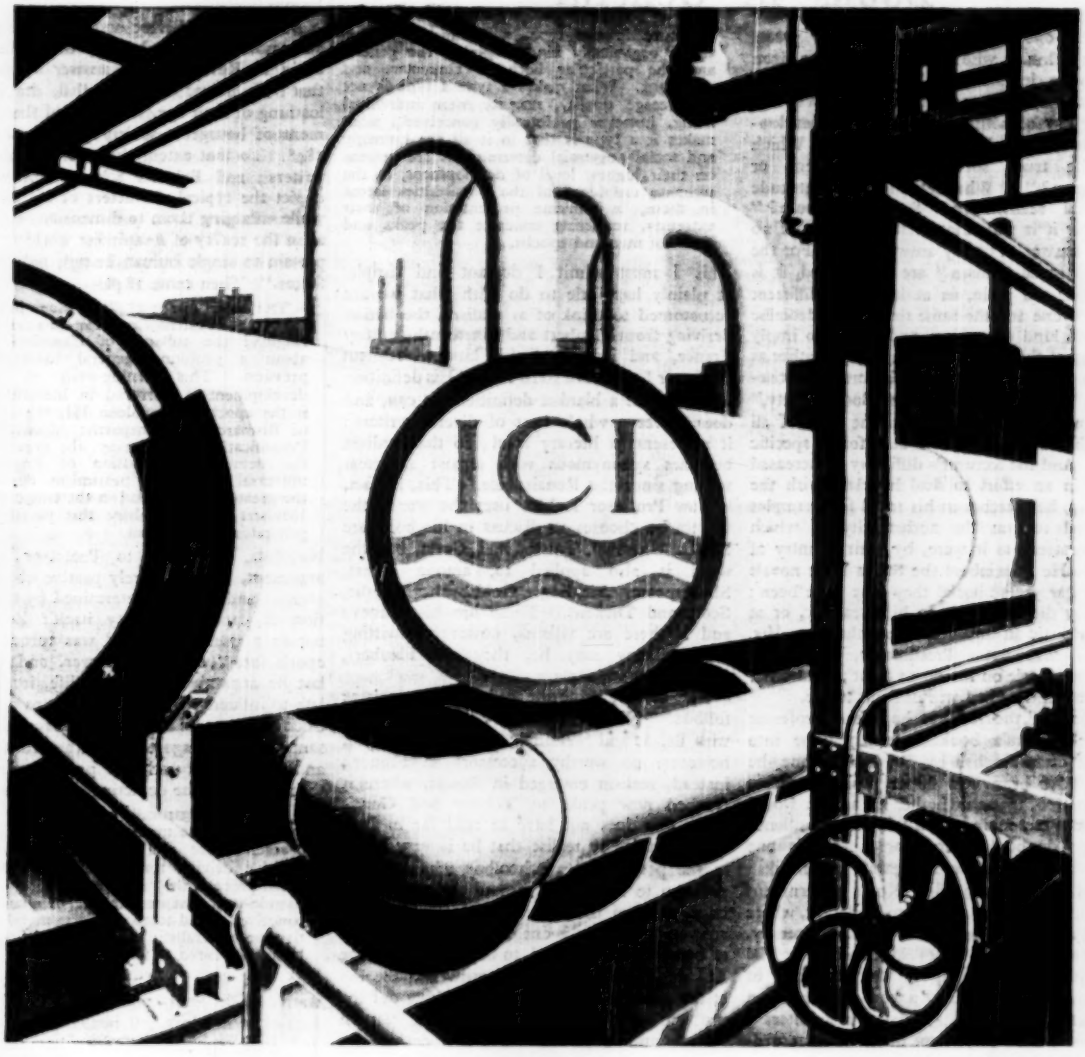
Princes Risborough.

CHARLES PLISNIER

SIR,—While appreciating that to your printer one ex-Communist writer may appear as good (or bad) as another and that there may not be much to choose between them, I feel nevertheless that his error should be put right. The writer I mentioned as belonging to the group of Burnham, Koestler, and Borkenau at the recent Berlin "Congress for Cultural Freedom," was *Charles Plisnier*, the Belgian novelist. His near-namesake *Theodor Plievier*, the German author of "Stalingrad," was also present at the Congress, but did not take part in the debate.

PETER MENDELSSOHN

20 Wimbledon Close,
London, S.W.20



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Books in General

THERE is one question that invariably greets the Englishman who slips through the Iron Curtain to lecture on the literature of his country. It takes various forms. "Will the speaker say something about recent developments in social realism in England?" "Which was the truer social realist, Dickens or Thackeray?" "What is the lecturer's attitude to social realism and Soviet literature?" However it is put, the question admits of no simple answer, if of any answer at all. For the words "social realism" are being used, it is altogether too plain, in at least two different senses at one and the same time: they describe a certain kind of writing, and they also imply a eulogy of that kind of writing. It is rather as though the words in the publishers' advertisements, "Recommended by the Book Society," stood not only for praise on the part of all right-thinking people but also for a specific *genre*. And the lecturer's difficulty is increased when, in an effort to deal honestly with the question, he searches in his mind for examples of social realism the authenticity of which is guaranteed, as it were, by their country of origin. He remembers the Stalin Prize novels of the war years: social they may have been; but they did not seem to him realistic, or at least realistic in any sense that the film *Mrs. Miniver* was not. Presumably, they were good for morale on the home front; what other justification they had was difficult to see.

Perhaps if the lecturer had read Professor George Lukács's book,* recently done into what is often English by Dr. Edith Bone, he would have been in a better position to face the question, though whether his answer would have been any more satisfactory to his audience may be doubted. Professor Lukács is one of the older surviving Hungarian Bolsheviks: he was a member of Bela Kun's government and, until returning in 1945 to Budapest, where he is Professor of Aesthetics in the University, he was for twelve years in Moscow at the Institute of Philosophy of the Academy of Science. He is, in fact, a very distinguished Marxist scholar and a most able literary critic—the most important now living, according to Thomas Mann. He has great learning, though scarcely enough to justify all his sweeping generalisations, and great enthusiasm for at any rate some kinds of literature. His book is not easy to read; partly because of the repulsive jargon in which it is composed—whole paragraphs shriek for inclusion in any new version of *What are the Leftists Saying?* that Mr. Thurber may care to write—partly because of the subtlety of the argument, but mainly because he writes in a tradition quite different from, indeed alien to, any that the great majority of English critics inhabit.

The initial difficulty, then, is to find common ground to share with Professor Lukács. Will not the concept "realism" itself serve? One has only to read his preface to see that Professor Lukács uses the word in a special, extended sense:

> The central category and criterion of realist literature is the type, a peculiar synthesis which organically binds together the general and the particular both in characters and situations. What makes a type a type is not its average quality, not its mere individual being, however profoundly conceived; what makes it a type is that in it all the humanly and socially essential determinants are present on their highest level of development, in the ultimate unfolding of the possibilities latent in them, in extreme presentation of their extremes, rendering concrete the peaks and limits of men and epochs.

This I must admit I do not find simple. It plainly has little to do with what we are accustomed to think of as realism, the fiction deriving from Flaubert and nineteenth-century France, and indeed of this kind of realism Professor Lukács is a stern critic. His definition seems to me a blanket definition; it can, and does, cover a whole host of diverse writers; it represents a literary ideal; so that realism becomes synonymous with almost all great writing since the Renaissance. This, in fact, is how Professor Lukács uses the word: the writers he chooses to discuss in his book are Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy and Gorki, but the word is also applied to, among others, Shakespeare, Fielding, Goldsmith, Goethe, Scott and Dickens. These are his heroes; and if there are villains, however unwitting their villainy may be, they are Flaubert, Maupassant and Zola.

For, briefly, Professor Lukács's thesis is as follows. Nineteenth-century realism began with Balzac and Stendhal; these novelists had, however, no worthy successors in France; instead, realism emerged in Russia, where it reached new peaks in Tolstoy and Gorki. Now, one does not have to read far in Professor Lukács to realise that he is very much in the position of a schoolboy who, given a problem to solve, can turn to the end of the book to learn the answer. To know all the answers, of course, is one of the special delights of being a Marxist; and, to be fair to Professor Lukács, he always gives the answer at the top of the page, as it were, before working out the problem; thus, his essays on Balzac rest on Marx's and Engels's well-known enthusiasm for that great novelist, while his long essay, *Tolstoy and the Development of Realism*, as he says himself, "is based on Lenin's evaluation of Tolstoy's work." What is fascinating is the ingenuity Professor Lukács displays when working out the problem.

For there are complicating factors. Of Professor Lukács's four chosen heroes, Balzac was a royalist and a Catholic, Stendhal a Bonapartist, Tolstoy—a Tolstoyan. Yet they satisfy, as no other novelists of the century do, the canons of Marxist art. How is this?

> A great realist such as Balzac, if the intrinsic artistic development of situations and characters he has created comes into conflict with his most cherished prejudices or even his most sacred convictions, will, without an instant's hesitation, set aside these his own prejudices and convictions and describe what he really sees, not what he would prefer to see.

But what of royalism, Bonapartism, Tolstoyism? These, Professor Lukács tells us, were "historically legitimate, basically progressive illusions."

But why did Balzac and Stendhal have no successors in France? Why was realism born again in Russia? The answer seems to be that both Balzac and Stendhal, despite their loathing of their age, were part of the development of bourgeois society between 1789 and 1848. To that extent they were revolutionary writers; and Balzac's achievement was "to depict the typical characters of his own time, while enlarging them to dimensions so gigantic as in the reality of a capitalist world can never pertain to single human beings, only to social forces." Then came 1848.

> The defeat of the 1848 uprisings in the most important Western European countries and in England the collapse of Chartism brought about a profound general ideological depression. This turning-point in historical development is mirrored in literature. This is the epoch of Napoleon III, the emergence of Bismarck's "Bonapartist Monarchy," the Prussification of Germany, the great pause in the democratic evolution of England. A universal despairing pessimism descends on the greatest writers and in the tragic figures of Flaubert and Baudelaire this pessimism degenerates into nihilism.

Novelists, according to Professor Lukács's argument, became merely passive observers of events; and this was determined by the evolution of capitalist society itself: Zola, "by nature a man of action" was turned by his epoch into "a mere observer, and when at last he answered the call of life, it came too late to influence his development as a writer." Such unfortunate novelists, Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, in disgust at their age turned more and more to an exclusive preoccupation with technique and the depicting of the "average."

> Instead of organically and artistically developing through the manipulation of living human characters the real intrinsic totality of the decisive driving forces which determine the social process, they resorted to purely external, pseudo-universal descriptions of a superficially conceived social totality, in the merely decorative or naturalistic setting of which human beings appeared as mere puppets.

One sees what Professor Lukács means. It wasn't their fault, poor things, as Professor Lukács, who does full justice to their talents and their courage, admits; but how much better off were the Russians. They had had no 1848, except in a purely chronological sense; for them the bourgeois revolution was far from complete, so that—

> In an age in which force of character, initiative and independence were increasingly disappearing from the everyday life of the bourgeois world . . . the Russians . . . showed a world in which men struggled with fierce passion—even though with tragic or tragi-comic futility—against their degradation by capitalism.

The degradation by capitalism: Professor Lukács's generalisation at least has the merits of simplicity and comprehensiveness. Its weakness is only that it does not fit the facts. If we take 1848 as the year dividing the nineteenth century then we shall see that, in this country at any rate, the great age of the novel was after that date; of the major Victorian novelists only Dickens was in full creation before then. (Incidentally, Professor Lukács relates Dickens's "profound depression and

* *Studies in European Realism.* By George Lukács. *Hillway Publishing Company.* 21s.

hopelessness" to the defeat of the 1848 revolutions. There are surely simpler explanations.) Nor is it necessary to accept Professor Lukács's reasons for the rise of realism in Russia. As Mr. Edmund Wilson has said, literature under the Tsars had a function different from that it has ever had elsewhere. "Political and social criticism, pursued and driven underground by the censorship, was forced to incorporate itself in the dramatic imagery of fiction."

In Tsarist Russia the novel was almost the only possible vehicle of criticism. This does not mean that the criticism was necessarily what Professor Lukács would call democratic; there is the case of Dostoevsky, which, it seems to me, is rather funked, though at least once he appears as the equal of Tolstoy. On any account, from a Soviet point of view he must have suffered from an inconveniently large dose of historically legitimate, basically progressive illusion.

Professor Lukács's view of literature is a functional one; art, for him, is not imitation, but "a mirror of reality," and the nature of reality, at any given moment in history is adducible by the dialectic. There is, as it were, always a scientific check on the validity of the novelist's vision. Where the great fiction of the past is concerned this scarcely matters, for when the great novelist strays from the narrow path of the Marxist interpretation the "historically necessary illusion" can always be invoked. But the danger confronting the contemporary novelist from such a view of literature is enormous and obvious. Apart from raising his hat respectfully to Sholokhov, Professor Lukács mentions no Soviet novelist later than Gorki. Herein he is wise. For as we know, the Party interpretation of the historical situation at any given moment may change radically a moment later. Since the scientific check on the writer's vision is, therefore, arbitrary and inconstant, the only safe course for the novelist is to toe the Party line, in the knowledge that whatever "historically necessary illusions" he may later be found guilty of will, at least, be those which he has shared with the Party itself. And this is to make art "a mirror of reality" as the Party sees it, not as it necessarily is. Which is to say that art is to be the buttress of, the persuasive propagandist for, the *status quo* at any given moment. WALTER ALLEN

HERE I SIT

Here I sit, and glad am I
So to sit contentedly,
While with never-hastening feet
Time pursues the Infinite;
And a silence centuries-deep
Swathes my mind as if in sleep.
Passive hand, and inward eyes
Press on their transient enterprise;
As across my paper's white
Creeps the ink from left to right,
Wooing from a soundless brain
The formless into words again:
So I sit, and glad am I
So to sit contentedly.

WALTER DE LA MARE

EVERY POST A WINNING-POST

The Second World War. Volume III. The Grand Alliance. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Unlike its predecessors, the third volume of Mr. Churchill's memoirs has no central epic theme. The year 1941 began with disaster in the Mediterranean and closed with disaster in the Pacific; but in between came the German invasion of Russia and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, defeats which made ultimate victory certain. As the river of lonely British resistance flows into the sea of world conflict, the disadvantages of Mr. Churchill's style of autobiographical history grow much more obvious. During 1940, the personal story of the British Prime Minister, based on the papers which he wrote but not on the answers which he received, presents a coherent if partial history of the war. But, as the theme enlarges, the distortion increases—and so does the sense of artifice and apologia. It was artistically convincing to portray one man as the architect of our "finest hour," but this method, carried on into the winter of 1941, produces in the reader, acquainted with such serious studies as the *White House Papers* of Harry Hopkins, a growing sense of distrust. "Let's have either straight autobiography or objective history," one feels, "not this Napoleonic mixture."

This criticism does not apply to the chapters of *The Grand Alliance* dealing with the Atlantic and Mediterranean wars. The sinking of the *Bismarck* is done magnificently, and the tragic story of Greece and Crete is told with a good deal of candour. Mr. Churchill makes it clear enough that any attempt to distribute personal blame for the Greek fiasco is wasted effort. Wavell at first wanted to continue the advance to Tripoli, but after Mr. Eden's visit he was genuinely over-persuaded, and the final decision to go ahead was taken in Cairo, after London had authorised a last-minute cancellation if the military situation required it. The responsibility was shared equally between politicians and generals, and the collapse was due to a failure to assess either the strength of the enemy or the weakness of our allies. We were still unaware of what German air supremacy involved, and we did not realise that pronunciamentos by Balkan Governments do not add up to resistance on the ground. But at least all concerned recognised the vital importance of the Middle East, unlike President Roosevelt, who seemed in one telegram to imply that withdrawal from Egypt would not be an irreparable loss.

The Grand Alliance gives convincing reasons for the War Cabinet's decision to replace Wavell by Auchinleck. Wavell was obviously knocked off his balance by the Greek defeat, and became so obsessed by the fear of further political commitments imposed from London that he even resisted the order to suppress Rashid Ali's revolt in Iraq. As Mr. Churchill observes, very fairly:

> If, under all the temptations of prudence, the War Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff had not made every post a winning-post, and imposed their will on all commanders, we should have been left only with the losses sustained in Crete, without gathering the rewards which followed from the hard and glorious fighting there. . . . There is always much to be said for not attempting more than you can do and for making a certainty of what you try. But this principle, like others in life and war, has its exceptions.

This, indeed, is the best defence for our whole strategy during this year, when the enemy enjoyed the advantages of the interior lines and of vastly superior effective strength. Under a prudent leadership in London, unwilling to permit an offensive until local superiority had been achieved, we should have degenerated into a rabbit looking a stoat in the face. In this desperate period, Churchillian dynamic was a real ersatz for armed strength. In the long run we gained by attacking and being licked, and once again proved that morale can be the decisive factor in war, when it is a matter of holding out until the tide turns.

When he comes to deal with Russia, Mr. Churchill permits his hindsight altogether too much licence. The Yalta decisions are completely incredible if in 1941 he already held the views of Stalin which colour *The Grand Alliance*. All the same, the Kremlin's demands for a huge Second Front, on the morrow of the German invasion of Russia, were enough to exasperate a more patient man. On the evidence of the documents which Mr. Churchill publishes, it never seems to have occurred to Stalin either that his own policy had liquidated the Second Front in 1940, or that a crossing of the Channel would involve different problems from a land offensive, or yet that Lend-Lease supplies to Russia would impair the build-up of the British Army. Was this due to cussedness, to ignorance, or to provincialism? Whatever the reason, the total inability to achieve any genuine rapport between East and West, and the contrasting integration of the British and American war efforts which Mr. Churchill describes in his closing chapters, give the title of this book an ironic ring. Whatever else we achieved in 1941, it was not a Grand Alliance. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

KIT O' BEDLAM

The Collected Poems of Christopher Smart. 2 Vols. Edited by NORMAN CALLAN. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Rakishness and religion were the two beasts of Christopher Smart. They sloped through his life; they compelled him to his knees in public prayer or in drunken paralysis. Possessing him in collusion, they were less rivals than bedfellows in his double mind. For Smart's rakishness was as intense as his religion and his religion was like the cocksureness of a drunk. He prayed incontinently; he prayed aloud and noisily in St. James's Park till he "routed all the company"—and boasted of it, too—as having won that public space for God.

"Poor Kit Smart" had no moderation; he was excessive both in sin and sermon. But excess has its dialectic. William Blake, with whom in the punch of his later work Smart has sometimes been compared, wrote in his *Proverbs of Hell*: "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." Perhaps that road did lead Smart to wisdom; certainly it led him to the madhouse. And yet, it was this bitter personal tragedy, the bars and brick of Bedlam, that freed Smart's verse; only when madness allowed excess to wash over into his writing did he become a great poet. It was the hard drinker, beating his breast as if it were an anvil, bobbing up and down like a yo-yo until he was locked up for it, who wrote the *Song to David* and the frisking *Jubilate Agno*.

Before Smart carried his cross into Bedlam, his verse, though skilful and varied, was rarely more than good poetic journalism, part of the business of earning a living or, in the grandiose blarney-ing of the odes, of cadging a living. He wrote in the contemporary convention—fables, satirical pieces, light lyrics, occasional verse—each well trimmed to the pages of the *Midwife* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. They appeared mostly under facetious and often feminine pseudonyms: Mrs. Midnight, Mr. Lun, Zosimus Zephir, Ferdinando Foot, Nellie Pentweazle, the Female Student, and so on. This was true to form, for Smart enjoyed playing the fool; he even, as a money-making venture, devised exuberant public entertainments and clowned and tumbled through them, acting as many parts as he could himself. All these high-jinks have, after the event, the characteristics of a prolonged manic phase of Smart's subsequent illness—and already people, among them the disapproving Thomas Gray, were beginning to call him mad. But alongside his buffoonery Smart had a more genuine wit. In the *Fables*, which are the best of his pre-Bedlam writing, he puts rings in the noses of the fashionable and idle; but, where Swift would have given them a sty to wallow in and had real bacon at

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JONATHAN CAPE

the end of it all—with Smart the rings are smoky and blown only to tease. The shrewish pots and pans, the domestic animals that people these tales, are sufficient for the humdrum morality they dispense. Yet, on their small scale, the *Fables* make up in good humour and neat observation what they lack in intensity. The young man who wrote them was not yet pierced in the side.

It used to be said of Smart that he was a poet of one poem only, the *Song to David*. This was an ignorance, but an enforced ignorance, since not until Professor Stead discovered and, in 1939, published the *Jubilate Agno* could the full impact of either Smart the poet or Smart the angel lunatic be felt. Indeed, we may yet rate the finding of the *Jubilate* almost as important to poetry as the digging up of Traherne; and its inclusion for the first time in the context of Smart's other writing makes Mr. Callan's edition of the *Collected Poems* an exciting affair.

Apart from poetry, the interest to psychology of the *Jubilate* is immense, for it is surely an inspired textbook of madness. Here is the logical madman—idea suggesting word, word idea, in a crazy pavement of erudition, feeling and personalities. There is little consideration for a reader; the style is prophetic but the conclusions are private—the prejudices and fancies of the poet's mind, the mumbo-jumbo and fine spinnings of his imagination. Yet Smart's method of reasoning—if not the detail of it—is clear and tragically consistent. His logic is the logic of free association; and though the links are not always discernible, they are always there.

> Let Sylvanus rejoice with the Black-Fish—Oliver Cromwell himself was the murderer in the Mask.
> Let Taboath rejoice with Goldy Locks. God be merciful to my wife.
> For the Saxons are Benjamites, men of great subtlety and Marshall Saxe was direct from Benjamin.

There need be no end to it as long as words last out and things remind us of things. It is a similar procedure—though in elliptical form—to that so often used by Blake—

> The caterpillar on the leaf
> Reminds me of my mother's grief—

it is, as it were, the technique of inspiration, the "evolutionary jump" of thought. And it has an unhampered vitality that both delights and perplexes; it issues, in some odd way, out of the burning bush.

The pieties of Christopher Smart, the warmth of his belief, made him feel in league with all the creatures of the universe. For surely his need to worship was theirs, too? And fish, flower and flesh must, like him, praise God? A jealous and Protestant God, however, whose enemies could be divided into two camps of anathema—England's political enemies and Smart's personal enemies. Both were damned as Moabites; Frenchmen were Moabites, and "they"—the asylum keepers—were Moabites.

Smart ran brilliantly amok in the *Jubilate Agno*. He pitched everything into it—science, mathematics, politics, natural history; mystical theories about colour, sound and shape; a disquisition on the alphabet; a tender record of the doings of Jeoffry, his cat; snippets of gossip and genealogies; all his preferences and most of his prejudices; blessings on the names of his friends, and a prayer for the pygmies—"as a deed of charity." Interspersed among all this excited rigmarole, this slap-stick dogmatism, are lines of rich and delicate poetry.

> For the praise of God can give to a mute fish the notes of a nightingale.
> For flowers are peculiarly the poetry of Christ.

These belong to the manic phase of Smart's madness, to his exultant certainty that he was in with God and had a special understanding of the universe. But the counterbalancing depression is in the *Jubilate*, too. The lonely, dishevelled Bedlamite could not live always on the manna of his unreason and, although his faith never failed him, he had to shout it loudly in order to stop his ears against the neglect of mankind.

> For I am come home again, but there is nobody to kill the calf or to pay the musick.
> For the hour of my felicity, like the womb of Sarah, shall come at the latter end.
> For I shou'd have avail'd myself of waggery, had not malice been multitudinous.
> For there are still serpents that can speak—God bless my head, my heart and my heel.
> For I bless God that I am of the same seed with Ehud, Mutius Scaevola, and Colonel Draper.

The *Jubilate* is, indeed, a magnificent poetic notebook, a reservoir of poetry from which Smart later drew off the *Song to David*. But while the *Song* has form, sequence and tune, and is miraculously executed, the *Jubilate* is sprawling, diffuse and slapdash. And yet, in its way, it is a great work; the work of a madman, knocking on the walls, the work of an inspired poet, of a human being, "half angel and half bird."

Mr. Norman Callan, the editor of this *Collected Poems of Christopher Smart*, has added to an informative introduction a fascinating section of critical comments on Smart's writing, from the eighteenth century to the present day. Smart's unevenness as a poet has led to a great instability of reputation—he has been both extravagantly praised and contemptuously dismissed. Here at last, in this new edition, which contains all the known poems, except the translations and Latin verses, is a chance for the common reader to make his own judgment of Christopher Smart.

H. A. L. CRAIG

PERSONAL CHOICE

Portrait Painters. By ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES. *Phoenix House.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Anthologies never satisfy anyone—not even the florist I surmise. Always there will be some inclusions we could wish away, and many exclusions we deem preposterous. To that rule Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones's *Portrait Painters* is no exception. What is exceptional about this collection is that the compiler has no axe to grind. He loves pictures, which is rare; what is much rarer, he loves painting. If it be true that the first-class critic need only love painting and write well, Mr. Gwynne-Jones is at least half-way to honours with distinction. Also he can write intelligently, if not quite in the manner of Pater, about the art of portrait-painting and about art in general; and he knows a lot. But we delight in this volume—and the volume is delightful in the exact sense of the word—chiefly because it records the enthusiasms of one who has seen many pictures of many kinds, has studied them without preconceived ideas and has remembered those that made a mark on his sensibility. A critic inspires confidence who writes

> Those who love pictures are continually undergoing fresh experiences; we suddenly understand a painter to whose special virtues we had previously been blind; or are bowled over by a great work we had not seen before; or we are shocked to discover the cloven hoof in a work we had earlier admired. Some, like myself, may derive pleasure from gradually arranging such experiences into some sort of order . . .

When he adds:

> If this collection has any cohesion [he is speaking of modern English portraits] it will be because I did not make a list of "good painters," but stuck as closely as was possible to pictures which, for some quality, had remained in my mind . . .

—he becomes a friend almost.

Though Mr. Gwynne-Jones has no axe to grind, he has his likes and dislikes, and I think he likes, particularly, thoroughness. He admires those who are willing to sacrifice everything—charm, effect, beauty even—to pushing their pictures as far as they will go. Masaccio, Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Chardin, are his heroes. "I believe that the greatest art is the purest" he says: "the inventions of the great Italians on the one hand, and on the other the deep and profound research into appearance by such artists as Rembrandt, Chardin and

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NELSON

Velasquez." The deep and profound research into appearance—that is what is lacking in most modern painting; the author does not say so, but I fancy it is what he feels. Accordingly Sickert, Gwen John, Gilman, Gertler, Duncan Grant, Coldstream and Gowing are shown to advantage. These are artists who make their fashionable contemporaries, few of whom are admitted to this gallery, look quaint or superficial. Mr. Gwynne-Jones I suspect—but you must not imagine that I speak with any sort of authority—would have the courage to call a decoration by Klee what it is—extremely tasteful, and a nursery rhyme by Chagall rather silly. Certainly he has the courage to ignore the portraits of Van Dyck and to point out that, compared with the painting of Cezanne and of Gauguin even, the genial splashings of Van Gogh (I use the epithet in the French sense) wear thin. If an artist would achieve greatness, elegances and stunning effects must be sacrificed to "deep and profound research into appearance." Mr. Gwynne-Jones points the moral:

> I should like to say that in this fine work (*Portrait of Miss Holland*) Mr. Duncan Grant sets many of us an example. His gift for decoration, his ease and his charm, have been greatly praised, so greatly that only an artist of high integrity would have persisted, in face of protests from some old admirers, in following a much more arduous path.

Our critic has his likes and dislikes, and consequently his surprises. The greatest surprise for me, however, came from neither. In his very first note, dealing with Greco-Roman portraits, he says "the influence they have had on such painters as Van Gogh, Gauguin, and their followers is very clear." Mr. Gwynne-Jones is not only a critic but a scholar; wherefore I shall venture no more than to ask for his authorities. But, for my part, I should have thought it unlikely that either had ever seen a Greco-Roman portrait. Doubtless, sixty or seventy years ago such things were to be found in the archaeological collections of the Louvre; but not in the picture-gallery. As for their influence on the work of Gauguin and Van Gogh, I must confess that Mr. Gwynne-Jones has sharper eyes than mine. I was surprised indeed when I came on *The Lady at the Virginals* representing Vermeer instead of *The Girl in a Blue Turban*; and I was indignant when I discovered that of the latter the critic had a low opinion: but when I caught him rating Vermeer below Terborch and, if you please, Jan Steen, if I did not fling the book on the floor it was only because one never does. Here are likes and dislikes with a vengeance, and it is to the credit of the author that he has the courage to state them. Courageous, too, is the presentation of the so-called *Costanza de' Medici*, in the National Gallery, and the ascription to Ghirlandaio, for the scholar knows well that some authorities now reckon this panel a fraud. The contrary opinion of Mr. Berenson carries little weight. And, anyhow, it seems to me not much of a picture. Further surprises await us in the British section: one hardly expected to meet Devis or Devas, Downman, Fred Brown or Lowinsky in such fine company. But when it comes to contemporaries, not only artistic likes and dislikes, but personal sympathies and antipathies, may, very naturally, have something to do with selection.

It is not always easy to explain the confrontations and I do not know whether it would be legitimate to account for some by supposing a touch of malice in the compiler. Certainly that would explain why poor Devis's exceptionally feeble conversation piece is shown opposite what is perhaps the most beautiful picture ever painted by an Englishman—Gainsborough's *Robert Andrews and his Wife*. Also, was it kind to set the same master's magnificently solid *Truman* opposite Whistler's captivating but flimsy *Miss Alexander?* And Gwen John's monumental self-portrait: is it meant to reveal the incoherence of one of Professor Tonks's best pictures, just as the intensity of Gertler's portrait of his mother reveals the emptiness of Lowinsky's portrait of Miss Turner? Be that as it may, assuredly the author has his likes and dislikes; and if I have paid him in his own coin by matching mine with his, be sure that was done in no spirit of hostility. On the contrary, I maintain that this is a book every lover of painting should possess. Some of us will profit by it; all will enjoy it. And, as a final proof of the author's taste and judgment, let me add that it contains not a single coloured reproduction.

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Everything in the valley was quiet, "the temple, the waterfall dedicated to the water god, the flat stones with the pious, heartfelt inscriptions—Amida is with us, the Lord Buddha is helping us—by the side of the narrow little path or half-hidden away in thickets and groves." Honor Tracy had found her heart's desire, "a little corner of Japan that the West had never come to disturb."

Arthur Waley's translations and the colour-prints of Hiroshige and Hokusai had given her an enchanted picture of Japan. "Might she not be in the position," she asked herself, "of some romantic foreigner, who, nourished on Shelley, Keats and Blake reaches London for the first time on August Bank Holiday?" And her second question, to which *Kakemono* is a delightful, witty answer, was how American occupation had affected the scholar, the poet, and the farmer.

Miss Tracy found many obstacles in her search for the Japan she had admired from afar; the labyrinths of G.H.Q.; dance-halls advertising the latest occupation amusement "Avec-time To-Nite"; sharp little business men running black markets; pompom girls exchanging their favours for food and cigarettes, coca-cola and smart frocks from the PX; American ladies busily applying their theories of psychiatry, anthropology and feminism to the bewildering pattern of Japanese life; mid-Western Christians introducing democracy into the teaching of religion in schools; Information Officers, Legal Officers, Food Officers, and Snowdrops, all of them "benevolent despots proceeding on the assumption that the Japanese Way of doing things was wrong and that theirs was right: indeed, that there was only one way of doing things at all."

Fortunately, this high-powered Americanisation did not penetrate into the highways and by-ways of the countryside, and Miss Tracy discovered writers and scholars who charmed her by their traditional culture and their oblivion of the occupation. Tanisaki (whose work Arthur Waley has translated) accompanied her to a *Noh* play; by way of a curtain-raiser, singers chanted for two and a half hours without moving a muscle, except to pick up their fans as a sign that they were about to sing, and to lay them down as soon as they had finished. She remembered the penetrating question of the jolly little G.I. from the Bronx: "If the aim of a *Noh* play isn't just to waste time, will you please tell me what in the heck is the aim of a *Noh* play?"

Back in Tokyo, Miss Tracy's journalistic conscience suggested a study of Japanese politics. She found that as long as she ignored what was said by people in responsible positions and what was written in the newspapers, they were "luminously clear"; the more she studied them, the more they looked like politics everywhere else. More red bogeys meant more good dollars. *Kakemono* is not intended to be a political book. It is a collection of personal impressions by an able, sensitive reporter who expresses incidental but profound political truths. A conquered people, she writes "can have no sincere feeling towards the conqueror, except to wish him gone." By understanding the Japanese point of view she has written the best descriptive book of post-war Japan.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

THREE POETS AND A PAINTER

Le Dur Desir de Durer. By PAUL ELUARD. Translated by STEPHEN SPENDER and FRANCES CORNFORD. Illustrated by MARC CHAGALL. *Trianon Press: Faber.* 30*s.*

In such a case, to what does the reviewer address himself—the original poetry, the translations, the illustrations, the book production, or *le mélange adultère de tout?* The poetry is a specimen of the work of one of the greatest of living poets: precise, evocative, delicate yet strong. Eluard has carried the technique of *vers libre* to a perfection where every syllable is as pregnant as a note in music. It is a mistake to think that such poetry is easy to translate, simply because it does not rhyme. As a matter of fact, it is infinitely more difficult than regular verse, if anything corresponding to the original effect is to be achieved. The translators in the present case commit some atrocious sins. One of the virtues of free verse is that it enables the poet to dispense with ugly conjunctions.

Sous le ciel noir nous voyons clair
Black the sky *but* we see plain

The insertion of that "but" is inexcusable. There are several insertions of this kind. Once or twice there is either a misprint or the meaning has gone astray:

Et cet amour plus lourd que le fruit mûr d'un lac

becomes

And this heavier love than ripe fruit of a lake

Sometimes the beautiful precision of an image is lost:

Trempée d'aube une feuille ourle le paysage.

The verb *ourler* means to hem-stitch, and the poet is seeing the fretted edge of a leaf against the wider landscape—a detail missed in

The landscape is edged by a leaf drenched in dew

The following line seems to be mistranslated:

Sous le ciel grand ouvert la mer ferme ses ailes
Beneath wide sky the ocean folds its wings

Surely *ferme* is an adjective agreeing with *la mer* and the line has the opposite meaning:

Beneath the open sky the firm sea (*mare firmum*, a play on *terra firma*) *opens* its wings.

Intentional symmetry, so characteristic of Eluard's verse, is generally ignored:

Nous sommes corps à corps nous sommes terre à terre
We are side by side of earth we stand on earth

It was probably wise to avoid a repetition of the weak "we are," but

We stand body to body we stand dust to dust

would have given a more precise equivalent of Eluard's verse.

The illustrations are typical Chagall. The frontispiece is charming and beautifully reproduced in colours. Some of the pen drawings are a little too sketchy, but as a whole they and the poems form a perfect unity. A note tells us that Eluard knew his poems would be illustrated by Chagall when he wrote them.

The book measures 11¼in. 8¾in. Poetry is an intimate art, and has nothing to gain by inflation. *Les yeux fertiles*, a volume of poems by Eluard with illustrations by Picasso, published in 1936, measures 7½in. 4½in. It is a more appropriate size. HERBERT READ

NEW NOVELS

Where No Wounds Were. By GORONWY REES. *Chatto.* 9s. 6d.

Under the Skin. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

All Souls. By GERALDINE SYMONS. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

Where No Wounds Were is a fine enough piece of writing for one to wish that it were a great deal better. There are at least three novels embedded in this book—a psychological study of a captured airman and his interrogator, an ideological disquisition on Nazism and the German character and a plain unvarnished tale of action. The author has had a shot at all three in turn and has entirely succeeded in none of them, although he comes nearest success in his treatment of the second, perhaps because this is the one he is most concerned to develop consistently. As it is, the three themes override and contradict each other, leaving the reader, though admiring, perplexed and incredulous.

Adam Lipansky, a Luftwaffe air ace, makes a perfect landing in England and is taken prisoner. His aircraft, a new type which the R.A.F. are anxious to learn all they can about, is intact and the pilot himself shows no signs of physical strain. Instead of being placed in a P.O.W. camp, Lipansky is taken off to one of those "hush-hush" private houses in the London suburbs where laurel bushes and mouldering stucco screen barbed wire and fixed bayonets. Here he is subjected to the interrogation officer, a tired, patient figure in a crumpled Army uniform, dim and unprofessional, yet somehow impressive.

The duel of wits begins. At first, Lipansky will give nothing but the usual name, rank and number. This correct attitude lasts a very short time under the interrogator's merciless reiteration of the circumstances that attended his landing. From professional stoicism, the pilot declines to self-assertion and ranting propaganda and crumbles and disintegrates towards hysteria. He believes that he has had a nervous breakdown and sends for the M.O. who, after a prolonged examination, reports adversely on the state of his gums. This Rex Warnerish incident with its hint of baffled cross-purposes and mysterious misunderstandings, is one of the best passages in the book.

After an incredible scene in the officers' mess, where a drunken commandant tries to obtain information with the aid of his Sam Browne and a revolver, Lipansky makes an easy escape but later gives himself up voluntarily. His one desire now is to see the interrogator, towards whom he has developed a patient-analyst fixation and to whose image he clings "as a hermit clings to God." His wish is granted and this time he tells everything about his aircraft and the way it works. At the same time, he announces that he wants to join the R.A.F.

Though Mr. Rees provides a further twist in the plot and thus enables his novel to end on a shock-tactics exit line that Maupassant himself could scarcely have bettered, Lipansky's decision is the *q.e.d.* of the theorem his creator has set out to illustrate—namely, the Teutonic capacity for deep-seated and perennial self-deception. Though Mr. Rees's theories about Nazism and the German character are stated with conviction and knowledge (Lipansky's friend, the S.S. chief Marwitz, is an uneven but extraordinary piece of characterisation, a blend of de Sade's Saint-Fond and Von Stumm in *Greenmantle*), I cannot help feeling that much of the book's form and pattern have been sacrificed to fit a thesis on the higher Vansittartism.

The book's chief stumbling-block remains the abstract and unreal figure of Lipansky himself. The attempt to treat his protagonist both as an individual character and as a personification of the Nazi ideal lands Mr. Rees in innumerable contradictions, besides putting the reader in the position of continually having to think which of these two roles is uppermost in the writer's mind. When he tells us that Lipansky "had the face of a hero of a northern epic, of Siegfried, of Baldur, fit to inspire the imagination of a race or the heart of a girl," or when Lipansky eloquently extols the New Order to the interrogator, we know that we are dealing with the archetype, the hero of National Socialist posters. But once he is ideologically off-duty, Lipansky is presented as a muddled extravert, stupidly unaware of everything outside his job of being a pilot.

If the ability to be committed to social freedom is, as M. Sartre thinks, the test of the modern writer, Miss Phyllis Bottome should come off with flying colours since in *Under the Skin*, as in most of her previous books, she is committed all round and up to the hilt. The subject of her new novel is the colour bar as experienced in both her private and professional capacity by Lucy Armstrong, an ex-W.A.A.F. with a distinguished war record, who goes out to the West Indies as headmistress of a coloured girls' school and eventually marries a doctor with Negro blood. Miss Bottome's book is breathlessly written. She forces the pace from incident to incident in a way that makes no allowance for the final climax and when, towards the end of the novel, Lucy remarks that she has been at Everslade for ten months, the reader, for whom the action seems to have taken place over a long and hectic week-end, receives a corresponding jolt. Though the problem of racial relations has not been shirked, Miss Bottome becomes so tied up with her plot that she has barely time to discuss anything beyond surface differences. Except for the parakeets, the hurricane and the duskiness of its pupils, Everslade might well be an Angela Brazil establishment located somewhere along the South Coast. Instead of stolen exam. papers or illicit smoking in the top dormitory, there is Obeah black magic. Like Miss Bottome herself, one loses interest in wider issues in the excitement of discovering who put the dead "johnny crow," in Lucy's bed and later tried to push her off the balcony.

Apart from a Chinese Communist, Whiteleaf Ho Sung, who presides with cool distinction over the hospital in the school annexe, the staff is composed of the familiar un-Gabbittas-and-Thring assortment—the hearty, eager P.T. mistress, the Anglo-Catholic senior mistress, sinister and frustrated, with a ruthless ambition and a talent for fostering *schwärmerei* in the breasts of the older girls, and Miss Lestrange, the music teacher, a hard, dry character who "accepted the ten commandments with undeviating persistence in spite of the fact that she regarded the existence of the Deity as highly problematical."

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Bottome is one of the most readable of contemporary novelists. If she dashes on the local colour with something of a fine, free hand and is inclined to use the word "diaphanous" like a Homeric invariable adjective, the total impression is one of vivid and lively narrative. Two circumstantial points should be made. Sergeants in the British Army do not generally receive tips for delivering messages and Giordano Bruno was one person and not, as a character in the book seems to suggest, two.

Miss Geraldine Symons has, perhaps wisely, decided to remain as uncommitted as possible. Her *All Souls* (a *Daily Graphic* Book Choice) is one of those cosy family sagas that begin in 1840 and finish up a century later. The form is one that calls for little in the way of characterization since sons take after their fathers and grandfathers and each new arrival, almost before he starts teething, is unmistakably revealed as a chip off the old block. Miss Symons has created a succession of strong, silent men and a perfect legend of good women whose reflexes, whether registered in a Hampshire cathedral close, an Australian farming settlement or a cholera-ridden port on the Yangtze-Kiang, are unhesitatingly the right ones. A book to be read while knitting or as a relaxation from *Mrs. Dale's Diary*.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE ROLE OF TRADE UNIONS

Trade Unions in the New Society. By HAROLD J. LASKI. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s.

It is understandable that the late Professor Laski should have given a strong American emphasis to this discussion of trade unionism, for the substance of this book derives from the Sidney Hillman Lectures which he delivered on his final tour of the United States last year. This emphasis shapes his argument, much of which would be accepted without serious dispute by a Labour audience in this country. But to many Americans, not least to a substantial part of the trade union movement, his thesis is highly debatable, for it not only challenges assumptions held with deep conviction, but it also makes that challenge from a quasi-Marxist standpoint which is in increasing disfavour across the Atlantic. This book is not trimmed to that conservative wind. On the contrary, there are passages deliberately designed to provoke the American reader, especially if he is a trade unionist, into asking whether the present trend in the United States is as favourable to the unions—and to all they ultimately represent—as many liberals and trade unionists believe. They may be right, and Harold Laski may have been wrong. But, typically, he insisted that this question should at least be asked.

Here are four essays, built around a single theme. In Britain and the United States, trade unions have established themselves as integral parts of the social fabric: they are essential to an industrial democracy, and those who would attack them must also attack democracy. Yet the trade union is never secure. It is vulnerable to business recessions, to political pressures, and to changes in its legal status. So long as the State remains substantially an instrument of property —and Professor Laski argues that this Marxist diagnosis remains true in the U.S. and, to a lesser degree, in Britain—the unions cannot safely confine their scope to economic issues. They must reach out into politics and seek some measure of control over the whole social environment in which they operate.

It is here that the argument runs counter to the American theory, of which Professor Selig Perlman is the protagonist, that "the primary purpose of the trade union is job-control . . . the assumption of any other purpose is either an error of judgment . . . or a misreading of what is possible in . . . the United States." Now Mr. Laski has long regarded the doctrines of the Wisconsin school as wrong-headed, and he again keeps up a running fire against them in this book. In substance, his objection is that "simple business unionism" limits the horizon of the worker, stunts both his cultural and political development, and leaves his union organisation outside the main stream of American life. When trade unions act merely as a pressure group, using lobbyists and the technique of the lobby for their immediate ends, they condemn themselves to positions merely of "great influence," not of "political power." Above all, they cannot give their members the training in government which, for instance, thousands of members of the Labour Party have gained through membership of local authorities, nor do they fit their leaders for political careers.

Yet, Mr. Laski suggests, British unions passed through a phase such as this, and in spite of the differences between Britain and the U.S., the American unions will have ultimately to follow them into politics to secure the protection of jobs through full employment policies, the provision of social welfare, and at least impartiality in the use of the police power in important industrial disputes. This is the age of collectivism, and the onus of the transition from individualist to a collectivist society rests essentially upon the trade union movement.

To the end, Professor Laski remained unconvinced by the American objections to this thesis, and in this last book he argues, as cogently as ever, his belief that American unions will eventually pay a stiff price for their pre-occupation with immediate ends. Sometimes he underestimates the achievements made in the undeniably different American setting, but it is difficult to reject his analysis of the setbacks U.S. labour has met since the end of the New Deal—setbacks which have been concealed by the boom conditions of the war and post-war years. I think here particularly of his criticisms of the process whereby the President may temporarily take over industries of "national importance" threatened with industrial stoppages and may secure injunctions against the union concerned without imposing similar handicaps upon the employers, or of the way in which American unions have surrendered the propaganda initiative to a degree which isolates them from the public and permits the Government and employers together to come forward as champions of the interests of the consumer.

If the discussion of British trade unionism, and of the role of the unions in the U.S.S.R. are more familiar, it is still important to place them in this comparative setting. Substantially this book is a short résumé of Harold Laski's political philosophy. But it is clearly expressed, provocative and a reminder that he was one of the few Socialists in this country who was prepared and equipped to think through the problems of our time in terms, not of empiricism, but of social theory.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

ISLANDS

The Scilly Isles. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Paul Elek.* 15s.
The Island of Jersey Today. By R. C. F. MAUGHAM. *W. H. Allen.* 9s. 6d.
Isle of Man. By CANNON E. H. STENNING. *Hale.* 15s.

When Mr. Grigson comes to discuss St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly group, he complains that it is too big. It measures no more than two-and-a-half miles in each direction, but it has an "interior" where, for a moment, one can lose the sea; and it has tarred roads, an airport, hotels and a steam-roller. What he really likes about islands is that they should be small enough for a few steps to take him over a finger of land from the beach to its opposite shore, and that if there are any signs of habitation, they should be the ruins of a hermit's cell dating from the twelfth century. Most people share his view. Islands must be quite different from the hills they would have been had the sea not intervened. They must not be dull chunks of earth which have floated clear of the mainland. They must rise sturdily in cliffs, or lie like slim carp on the surface of the water. Their gender is feminine, their

age between eighteen and thirty, their colour blonde or brunette, their status single or divorced.

Of the islands described in these three books, it is only the Scillies which measure up to these requirements. This fistful of knucklebones flung down off the tip of Cornwall resemble in their individual outlines one of those imaginary sketch-maps in school atlases, in which all possible geographical expressions thrust, hump or inhale themselves in and out of the sea or sky—bays, peninsulas, hills, promontories, inlets, creeks, isthmuses and coves. Only five of the Scillies are inhabited. There are a score of other islets, and it is to them that Mr. Grigson devotes most of his attention, having taken immense pain to discover everything about them from previous books and many personal visits. With the big two-inch map flapping out from the end of his book, you can follow him ashore on every beach, clamber over every rock, disinter the ruins from their Gothic lettering, and take your chance across the speckled sand-necks which link so many of the islands with their neighbours—even though, all this time, you are sitting by a gas-fire in Pimlico. This is the ideal guide-book. The islands are few and small enough, and the book long and skilful enough, for everything to be told without everything becoming too much. The Scillies are put through a mangle and come out fresh and clean.

Mr. Maugham, on the other hand, does not succeed in making his readers anxious to visit Jersey. He lives in Jersey and loves it, but he admits to "certain curious and in some cases amusing blemishes" which do not sound amusing at all. The country people have manners "which are not very ingratiating," the women "are not, as a rule, conspicuously well favoured," the elders have "an attitude of infallibility," the British residents "remote from crushing taxation . . . have their golf, their tennis and unlimited bridge," there are 12,000 "petrol-propelled vehicles" on the island, the climate induces "a gradually developing lassitude," and "Jersey people, especially those of the lower class, are given to immoderate indulgence in strong drink."

These quotations are not unfair, either to the island or the author. Mr. Maugham has been honest with prospective immigrants, and those cautious double negatives by which he warns us of the worst are far preferable to his attempts at writing beautifully. A sentence such as

> To our surprise we see no sheep, of which, at the time of writing, I fancy, none remains—

flying like a ragged pennant in a paragraph of its own, is at least original, and after a little study conveys its meaning. But when coast-lines begin to frown, clouds to move like masses of cotton wool, and wild flowers to lift their wistful little faces, it is difficult to be convinced by the concluding piece of information that "we are, of a truth, very near to Mother Nature."

The book claims to be, and probably is, "the authoritative and definitive history of the famous Island." It contains much of interest and value on this topic, and would have been much improved by a map and better illustrations than the grey photographs supplied by the local newspaper. But it is not an entirely new book. It is a revision of the first edition of 1939, and the patching has not been well done. We are treated to an introductory chapter in which Jersey is presented as a platter of delicatessen. We are then told, in a string of additional paragraphs, that the island is not at all like that now. The German defence works have torn up much of the countryside, and fresh refugees from English taxation have spread a rash of bungalows over the island which threaten to turn Jersey into one of the ugliest holiday resorts in the United Kingdom.

Canon Stenning's book on the Isle of Man is one of the Robert Hale County Books and runs to some 450 pages. It is the only full account of the island ever published, which is surprising, considering the large bibliographies on the Scillies and the Channel Islands, and the distinctive character of Man. We are not, as a neighbouring island, very well informed about or much interested in the Isle of Man. Its name, its appearance and its associations are too masculine for our taste in islands. We start with a prejudice against its motor-bicycles and its cats, forgetting that it has a Parliament older than our own, a church more ancient than Canterbury and income tax at 2s. in the pound. Canon Stenning tells his story admirably, abandoning the guide-book technique for an account of its history, institutions, people, economics, flora and fauna. His publishers have excelled the high standards they have set themselves for this series. The illustrations do more even than the text to warm the reader to this large hunk of country, and the only part of the book that disappoints (as with other volumes in the series) is the cold and sketchy map.

NIGEL NICOLSON

REPRINTS

Resurrected in a good-looking format of red linen covers and silver lettering, with smaller type but little more expensive than in 1939, Cape's Travellers Library (4s. 6d. a volume) will reprint some of the books in its first series as well as adding new titles. Among the first ten of the New Traveller's Library are Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and Pauline Smith's *Little Karoo*: while the additions include three auto-biographies—William Plomer's urbane *Double Lives*, Anne Treneer's Cornish childhood in *Schoolhouse in the Wind*, and André Maurois' *Call No Man Happy*. Cassell's Pocket Library (6s. each) has, also, undergone rejuvenation, and appears new and smart with Alexander Woollcott's *Long Long Ago*, Philip Gosse's *Traveller's Rest* and the G. B. Stern—Sheila Kaye-Smith *Talking of Jane Austen*. Julia Strachey's funny and painful *Cheerful Weather for the Wedding*, and May Sinclair's record of parents' tyranny in *Mary Olivier*, have been added to the Holiday Library (Lehmann, 6s. each); Henry James's *Princess Casamassima* as a double volume to the same publisher's Chiltern Library (10s. 6d.), Hugh Walpole's *Jeremy* to Macmillan's Modern Fiction Library (6s.) and *Wuthering Heights* and Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* to Hamish Hamilton's Novel Library (6s.). New titles in Eyre and Spottiswoode's Century Library (6s. each) are Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*; *The Poison Belt*, E. W. Hornung's *A Thief in the Night*, and John Hampson's *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*. Harold Nicolson's witty and solid *Diplomacy* reappears in the Home University Library (Oxford, 5s.).

To the uniform edition of Elizabeth Bowen's works (Cape, 7s. 6d. each) have been added *The Hotel* and *To the North*; to Joyce Cary's (Michael Joseph), *The African Witch* (9s. 6d.) and *Castle Corner* (10s. 6d.); Cassell's edition of Gide is increased by Dorothy Bussy's translation of *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* (*The Coiners*, 9s. 6d.); and *The Eustace Diamonds* in two volumes (30s. with a preface by Michael Sadleir and illustrations by Blair Hughes-Stanton), appears in the Oxford Illustrated Trollope. Other novels in print again are Djuna Barnes's novel of Paris in the 'Twenties, *Nightwood*, with T. S. Eliot's original introduction (Faber, 12s. 6d.), Mary MacCarthy's *A Pier and a Band* (Hamish Hamilton, 9s. 6d.), and Masefield's admirable *Odtaa* (Heinemann, 6s.).

Classics back in circulation are Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* (Falcon Press, 15s.) with illustrations in the manner of eighteenth-century engravings by Leslie Atkinson; White's *Natural History of Selborne*, newly edited by R. M. Lockley for the Everyman Library (Dent, 4s. 6d.); B. R. Haydon's *Autobiography and Journals*, edited with an introduction by Malcolm Elwin (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.), and Professor Edith Morley's three-volume edition of Crabb Robinson's *Books and their Writers* (Dent, 18s.). Turgenev's *Sportsman's Notebook* in a new translation by Charles and Natasha Hepburn has been added to the Cresset Library (Cresset Press, 9s. 6d.)

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Two of George Groddeck's works—*The Book of the It* and *Exploring the Unconscious*—have been reprinted by the Vision Press, at 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

Other scholarly works reprinted are Professor Grierson's *Milton and Wordsworth* (Chatto & Windus, 12*s.* 6*d.*), and Mona Wilson's standard biography of *Sir Philip Sidney*, with some additions (Rupert Hart-Davis, 18*s.*). Isaac Rosenberg's *Collected Poems*, first published in 1937 as part of his Collected Works, have now been reissued by Chatto & Windus (10*s.* 6*d.*), but without the long biographical introduction of the earlier volume; and an entirely new edition of Matthew Arnold, containing all the poems he is known to have written, has been prepared for the Oxford Standard Authors (8*s.* 6*d.*) by Professors C. B. Tinker and H. F. Lowry, authors of the *Commentary* on Arnold published ten years ago. Volumes of selections include Tennyson's *Poems* in the World Classics (Oxford, 4*s.*), *The Pocket William Law*, chosen and edited by Arthur W. Hopkinson (Latimer House, 6*s.*), and *A Book of Ballads*, with fifteen of the best-known ballads, and an introduction by Roland Gant—a handy present for a literary child (Grey Walls Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Reprinted children's classics include Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, illustrated by G. S. Van Abbé, Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*, with the orthodox pictures by Lucy Kemp-Welch (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.), and Andrew Lang's *Yellow* and *Red Fairy Books* (Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.* each).

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,066

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are invited to write a School Song for one of the following—a 16-line extract is required: the College of Heralds; the Academy of Plato; The School for Scandal; the Royal Academy; Dartinghill Heights; Miss Pinkerton's Academy; Raleigh's School of Night; St. Winifred's (by Dean Farrar); Hendon Police College; The School of Slavonic Studies. Entries by August 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,063

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A committee has recently been reporting on ways and means of preserving Historic Houses and the families who live in them. Competitors are asked to imagine that any one of the persons listed below had been called to give evidence. The usual prizes are offered for an interchange arising out of his evidence between the committee and the chosen character. Mrs. Miniver, Diogenes, Undershaft (*Major Barbara*), Raffles, Jude the Obscure, Jack Worthing (*The Importance of Being Earnest*), Babbitt, George Ponderevo (*Tono Bungay*). Limit 150 words.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

It has been encouraging to see such a good response to a set of comparative strangers to competitions. Naturally, those with the most personal style were the easiest, Raffles and Diogenes the hardest, though the latter scores two winners, and I like N. C. Gould's opening: "The next witness called was Diogenes, who was allowed by the committee to give evidence from the doorway, beyond which on conscientious grounds he refused to proceed." Jack Worthing produced a number of gems apart from the prize winners. Close on the heels of the prize winners came Rosskiss, L. Silberman, Neil MacCarmaig, The Rev. J. P. Stevenson, H. A. C. Evans. A guinea each to the first five printed, half-a-guinea to the last two.

Committee: You are in favour, of course, of preserving our historic houses, Mr. Worthing?

Jack: Oh, I think not. They are so old-fashioned. History does date so, don't you think?

Committee: What do you suggest, then, should be done with them?

Jack: My dear Sir, you mustn't ask me to be suggestive on such a very venerable theme.

Committee: Come, Mr. Worthing, this is suspiciously like playing with words.

Jack: Why not? I like playing with words. It is the best definition I know of the modern theatre.

Committee: Possibly; but at the moment we want your views on historic houses and old families.

Jack: I never indulge in views. They are so indiscreet. Do let me persuade you to change the subject. Believe me, we can be almost as dull about the theatre. Mr. Shaw once said—

Committee: Thank you very much, Mr. Worthing, but I don't think we need trouble you further . . . Call Mrs. Miniver!

ALLAN M. LAING

"You would call your scheme 'Ponderevo's Living History', we understand?"

"Living 'Istory. Ponderevo's, if you like. Or British Nationalised, if you prefer it."

"And the idea is to charge American guests a thousand dollars each?"

"They'll come. Frinstance, take Lowther Castle. Dress up the Earl and family all medyeeval. Send up Henry the Eighth and wives. In pops Shakespeare, or Napoleon, with George Washington's ancestors. All speaking ye olde lingo. All very genteel and quaint. But lively. No Professors."

"But—"

"Modern bathrooms etcetera, of course . . . Then, in the middle of the Port Wine, woomph! Excitement! Murdering Scotch raiders. Battle. Burnings at the Stake, and—"

"Thank you, Mr. Ponderevo, but—"

"Living 'Istory. See? . . . Actors? Original British Aristocracy. Best Actors in the World. Been acting for Centuries."

"But—"

"There you go. But! But! But! No Life. No Jump. Oh Lord. zzzz."

T. T. ORMANDY

Asked why he favoured a subvention for Historic Houses, Diogenes replied: "That those who dwell in them may stay in them." When the committee showed surprise at this reply, Diogenes explained: "Homeless, such people would come to live with me in the market place. Though I am said to be indifferent to privacy, I value that solitude which consists in the absence of the uncongenial." Invited to estimate the cost to the State of his policy, Diogenes said: "Very little. Most of those concerned have already learned to live as I live—by charging the inquisitive a sum in silver for the right to gaze upon me in my home." Told that such revenue had not proved sufficient, Diogenes replied: "That is because your friends have not followed my example more closely. They should exhibit to the public rather less of their houses and considerably more of themselves."

MAURICE CRANSTON

Committee: Do you approve of opening these houses to the public?

J. Worthing: It is perfectly absurd. Whenever one visits one's friends one is stopped at the gate by a tiresome official demanding an entrance fee. Indeed, I can no longer afford to dine out—except at a restaurant.

Committee: Should the State advise on the preservation of art treasures?

J.W.: Naturally. No really cultured person knows anything about Art nowadays. They're afraid of being thought Right-wing.

Committee: Would village life suffer if the old families withdrew?

J.W.: Oh, that is nonsense. Our villagers have always worked hard to provide wholesome occupations for the daughters of the manor, but the rich are not a bit grateful for being amused. It is very trivial of them.

Committee: Do you consider death-duties excessive?

J.W.: Yes, indeed. For any landowner the cost of dying is quite prohibitive. That's the chief reason why people live longer in the country than in town.

E. M.

Lady Ough: —but only *historic* houses, surely . . .

Diogenes: Isn't it? Didn't it once carry gallons of the finest vintage from Chios?

Dean Ingle: Architecturally . . .

Diogenes: As fine a bit of cooperage as ever came out of Sidon—can't do them like that now.

Mr. Justice Manacle: But *upkeep*, such a structure requires no . . .

Diogenes: Then how the devil do I prevent it being bepiddled by every cur in the neighbourhood and scrummelled in by every pair of lecherous lovers if I am out on a wet day—

Col. Blenheim: Come, come Sir—

Diogenes: —except by giving some illiterate brat half the miserable dinner given me by ungrateful yahoos who are only too damn glad to bring their friends along and say "There lives the famous Diogenes."

Dean Ingle: Do people . . . ?

Diogenes: Am't I telling you? My hogshead counts for more than any of your vulgar, trashy, umpteen-generations-commingled bastardised throw-ups.

Lady Ough: Whom is this to be preserved for . . .

Diogenes: ME.

L. G. UDALL

Undershaft: I bought Ruddigore Castle solely as a Holiday Home for Undershaft and Lazarus employees. But the older, uninhabitable part is open to the public.

Chairman: Lord Ruddigore lives there as caretaker, though. So your private philanthropy has anticipated what we are trying to achieve.

Undershaft: I do not deal in philanthropy. Ruddigore is the best man for the job, like

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all my employees. He has my interests at heart, for they are his own. Besides which, it gratifies workers to be guests of a Peer—especially the Socialists.

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E. P. HERIZ-SMITH

CHESS: Prodigal Son or D.P.?

No. 46

To see a Kt, far removed from his own forces, on a R1 square in the very backyard of the enemy camp—this is almost certain evidence of a Rook-hunt. If we can afford to let the lonely conqueror die at his outpost, well and good; it may be difficult anyway to extricate him. But what if it was our precious Queen who ventured out on a Rook-hunt? Homeward-bound she may well find all the roads blocked and herself a Displaced Person rather than a conquering heroine. More familiar is the picture of a B who, having snatched an enemy RP, is cut off by P-Kt3. The question then is whether he has to remain a D.P. finally to be liquidated, or whether he can live to be the prodigal son returned.

Here—Johner-Lepin, Basle 1948—is a case where so happy an ending—not exactly the return of the B, but a fair enough bargain of swapping him for the Kt—*might have been* possible, if only Johner had thought in time of playing B-Kt8! (He didn't, and thereby lost the B and the game).

In this position—Gumprich-Dahl, Berlin 1948—White did think of the saving grace and played B-Kt8. But after (1) . . . Q-QK15 ch. (2) K-Kt2, Q-Q7 ch. White made the mistake of (3) K-R3, which by Q-B8 ch, followed by Q-QB4 ch, lost him the game. He should have played (3) K-Kt1. But even then, after (3) . . . P-R5 it would be premature (because of P-R6 !) to resuscitate the B at once. First White must play (4) P x RP. If then B x P, (5) Q x Kt ch! And if B-Q4, White plays (5) B x P and certainly need not lose.

Irrespective of material aspects, the main trouble about " displacing " a Kt at an enemy rook's " home-base " is simply the fact that it costs time and may well give the opponent the chance of a decisive attack.

Here—Menz-Steinkohl, Frankfurt 1938—is a case in point. White will certainly be able to retrieve his Kt, but it will no longer do him any good.

(1)		B-Q3
(2)	P-R5	R-K1
(3)	B-Q2	R-K7
(4)	P-B3	P-B5
(5)	P-R4	Kt-B4
(6)	B-Kt5	R-K8 ch
(7)	K-B2	P-Q7 !
(8)	B x Kt ch	K-K1
(9)	Kt x P	Kt-Q6 mate

In this week-end's competition, A is an easy enough study to rate a mere 4 points, and without a hint either. White to move and win.

B is a famous old study, and though it may be known to some of our crack solvers it should certainly rate 5 points. White to move and draw.

A : S. Kozlovski, 1929

C is an even more famous old problem and the precursor for innumerable illustrations of the same idea. It is far from easy, and I might hint that much that, in B as well as in C, the theme of to-day's article is vaguely reflected. At any rate, there is a certain amount of displacement as well as some hiding in a corner. More I mustn't say.

B : J. G. Campbell, 1855 C : F. Healey, 1861

Usual prizes. Entries by July 31st.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 1

A : (1) K-B5, Kt x B ch, (2) K-K6, R-Q1, (3) K-K7, K-B1, (4) Kt-Kt6 ch, etc. If (2) . . . K-B1 (3) Kt checks, K-B2, (4) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Q1 (5) Kt-B6, R-KB2, (6) Kt-Q5, etc.

B : (1) Q-R8 ch, K-K18, (2) Q-QKt8, P queens, (3) B x P ch, K-R7, (4) Q-R7 ch, K-K17, (5) Q x B ch, K-B8, (6) Q-B6 ch, K-K17, (7) Q-K15 ch, K-B8, (8) Q-B4 ch, K-K17, (9) Q-Kt4 ch, K-B1, (10) K-Kt ! etc.

C : (1) R-Kt1 ch, R-Kt1, (2) R x R ch, K-B2, (3) B-Q8 ch, K x B, (4) R-Kt8 ch, K-K2, (5) K-K16, etc.

While proving a stumbling-block for many competitors B still found a surprising abundance of correct solutions. No mean achievement. Evidently I should offer still tougher nuts to crack. Prizes shared by L. W. Barden, E. W. Carmichael, A. J. Head, A. J. Roycroft. Competitors are reminded that the *new points-competition started last week*, which means that there are still two days left to post an entry.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

WOULD any body with a piano and no room for it entrust it to a serious music student in return for regular playing and tuning, expert attention and undying gratitude? Any size, make or shape. Please write to Box 7793.

WELL-educated German boy (19) seeks hospitality in England for 2–3 months on exchange basis, or would work. Box 7832.

AUSTRIAN girl student seeks post au pair. Care of children pref. Pocket money, afternoon & evening off. Starting October 1. Central London only. Box 7966.

STUDENT, knowledge French, German, typewriting, experience in Travel agency work, seeks full-time or part-time work in London until mid-August. Box 7640.

ART Pottery. Hampstead bookshop wishes to open Pottery Department. Would gladly receive lists and details for medium priced pottery direct from makers. Box 7777.

FRENCH professor Lycee, Cannes, wishes exchange accommodation Sept., 1950, or summer, 1951. Box 7781.

WOULD lady be interested to open a Nursery School with an experienced teacher, doctor's wife? Accommodation essential, N. or N.W. preferred. Box 7742.

TWO young bachelors desire share with another their mod. s.c. flat Central London, tel., television, radio, books, h. & c., breakfast, ample chg. facilities prov. Domesticated person preferred. Refs. required and exchanged. Please write fully Box 7886.

ENERGETIC schoolmaster, 30, adaptable, seeks employment August–September. Anything taken, but literary work where proved ability preferred. Box 7884.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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WANTED: "Autobiography of a Working Man," Alexander Somerville; "Hermsprong, Robert Bage; American Portable Wireless suitable tropical Africa; Binoculars 8x wide field; 16mm. Cine Camera; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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SUDAN Government. The Ministry of Education requires a Technical Adviser (Production Editor) aged 25 to 40, for service in the Sudan. Candidates should have had several years' experience with a good publishing company and be capable of taking charge of the production, lay-out and distribution of educational publications including a fortnightly magazine. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract for a period not exceeding six years on a salary scale of £E771 to £E1,644. Special post-service bonus. Cost of living allowance varying between £E142 and £E352 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no Income Tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained on application to Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Production Editor."

PSYCHOLOGISTS. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from suitably qualified candidates for about 12 permanent posts of Psychologist in Admiralty, Air Ministry, Civil Service Commission and Prison Commission; there will also be about 10 vacancies in the higher grade of Senior Psychologist, and a few in the grades of Principal Psychologist and Senior Principal Psychologist. Candidates for the posts of Psychologist must be at least 21 and under 31 years of age on 1st May, 1950, with extension for service on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces. For the higher grades they must be at least 31 years of age on May 1, 1950. Salary scales (in London):—Psychologist £350 rising to £750 (men) or £900 (women), entering salary according to age, varying from £350 at age 21 or 22 to £900 (men) or £975 (women) at age 30 or over. Senior Psychologist (men) £750-£1,000, (women) £850-£1,050. Principal Psychologist (men) £1,050-£1,270, (women) £1,100-£1,100. Senior Principal Psychologist (men) £1,320-£1,525, (women) £1,360-£1,450. Particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 1074, completed application forms must reach him by August 10, 1950.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, N.S.W. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited from those qualified to fill the position of Lecturer in History. The salary at present is at the rate of £A500 to £A750 per annum with annual increments of £50. There is a cost of living adjustment. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to enter upon his duties by February 1, 1951. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1950.

LEEDS College of Art (Principal: E. E. Phillips, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E.). School of Sculpture and Pottery. Applications are invited for the post of full-time teacher of Sculpture. Candidates should be Associates of the Royal College of Art or hold an equivalent qualification. A knowledge of pottery will be an advantage. Salary in accordance with the new Burnham Award, £300 x £15 to £555 for men, £270 - £12 to £444 for women, with allowance for qualifications, training and experience. Further particulars and form of application, to be returned within a fortnight from the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds, 1.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan. Applications are invited for appointment as Organising Tutor on the staff of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, to take up duties in October, 1950. Salary in the scale £540 rising by annual increments of £30 to £750 p.a. with prospects of promotion to a higher grade. Expatriation allowance for staff of non-tropical domicile is either £150, £200 or £250 p.a., according to salary. Point of entry in salary scale according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation in F.S.S.U. basis. Part furnished residential accommodation at not more than 10% of salary. Passages paid for members of staff and wives on appointment and on leave. Applications (six copies) with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date August 14, 1950.

HOME For Maladjusted Children. A Warden and Matron, married couple, are wanted for the Henderson Trust Home at Pond-End, Seer Green, Bucks, which will shortly be opened for the psychological treatment of children of both sexes between the ages of 8 and 12 referred by Juvenile Courts. Previous experience and interest in this type of child necessary. Knowledge of the running of a home and school desirable and possession of mature and suitable personalities. Board and house with three bedrooms provided. Combined salary £450 per annum. Applications to be submitted within 14 days of the appearance of this notice to the Secretary, Residential Services Department, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian (Woman) required at Lancaster Moor Mental Hospital. Salary £390-£15-£435. Librarian will also be required to undertake and organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment subject to medical examination and to Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application with two testimonials to be forwarded to County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, by 24.7.50.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Navy. Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Commissions in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are for officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, or Metallurgy), or Engineering. Commissions will be granted for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years, and, after 2 years' service, opportunities will be afforded for officers to be transferred to the Permanent List. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £418 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £317 in first year, £319 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, Superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Department, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

THE University of Leeds. Lodgings Warden. Applications are invited for the post of Lodgings Warden (woman) at a salary not less than £600 a year according to experience and qualification. The holder will have responsibility for the selection, allocation and supervision of men students' lodgings. Applications (3 copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than August 14, 1950.

LEEDS College of Art (Principal: E. E. Phillips, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E.). School of Sculpture and Pottery. Applications are invited for the post of full-time teacher of Sculpture. Candidates should be Associates of the Royal College of Art or hold an equivalent qualification. A knowledge of pottery will be an advantage. Salary in accordance with the new Burnham Award, £300 x £15 to £555 for men, £270 - £12 to £444 for women, with allowance for qualifications, training and experience. Further particulars and form of application, to be returned within a fortnight from the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds, 1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Administrative Assistant, which comprises salary grades A.P.T. I-III (£390-£495 p.a., plus London Weighting), the initial salary grade within this range being decided in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. Applicants should have had good administrative experience. A knowledge of committee work is desirable. Appointment will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950, to passing a medical examination, and will be terminable by one month's notice. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, must reach me by July 29, 1950. A. J. Bennett, Sec., 11a Portland Place, W.1.

PORTSMOUTH Mental Health Service. Mental Health Social Worker required. Candidates must hold a University qualification in Social Science and some experience of social case-work would be an advantage. The post is established under the St. James Mental Hospital Group of the S.W. Metropolitan Region, and the successful candidate will be required to contribute towards pension as provided by the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations. Previous service with a local authority may count for pension purposes. The salary payable will be in accordance with any national scale applicable within the Hospital Service at the time of appointment. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two people to whom reference may be made should reach the undersigned as early as possible. Dr. Thos. Beaton, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P. Medical Director, Portsmouth Mental Health Service, St. James Hospital, Portsmouth.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (male) in the Children's Department. The person appointed will be required to undertake such duties as may be allotted to him by the Children's Officer, including personal work with older boys in the care of the County Council. Preference will be given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science, with special training or experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed, but will not exceed £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than July 31, 1950. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lighthorn, Clerk of the County Council.

LIVERPOOL Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited for the permanent pensionable appointment of Administrative Statistical Officer in the Medical Division of the Board's Headquarters Staff. Candidates must have statistical knowledge and should preferably hold a University degree or qualifications recognised by the Hospital or Local Authority Services. Salary £450 - £15 to £495—Grade A.P.T. III. Applications, stating age and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the undersigned at 14 James St., Liverpool, 2, not later than August 5, 1950. Vincent Collinge, Secretary to the Board.

WANTED, Organising Secretary for Rhodesian Jewish Board of Deputies. Qualifications: Experience in office administration, public relations, knowledge of Jewish Communal Organisations—Yiddish and Hebrew Scholarship a recommendation. The position offers good prospects and scope for one desirous of assisting in the organisation of the Jewish community of Southern Rhodesia. Full particulars desir. Apply in writing: Sec., Rhodesian Jewish Board of Deputies, P.O. Box 987, Bulawayo.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of organiser in Leicestershire, including Leicester City. Salary scale £350-£25-£450. Actual salary may be at any stage of the scale according to qualifications and experience. One of the main duties of the organiser will be to organise adult education for trade unionists. It is hoped that the person appointed can commence on September 1. Application forms from J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, W.E.A., 26 Shakespeare St., Nottingham.

A COMPANY of Manufacturing Chemists requires the services of Medical Representatives for Scotland, Yorkshire, Lancashire and London. The work consists of introducing ethical medical products to Doctors, Chemists and Hospitals, and remuneration is by adequate salary and commission, with full expense allowance. Whilst medical knowledge is an advantage it is not essential, as an initial training period is given. Applications in writing are invited from men having a secondary, university or public school education, who should submit full personal details, together with a recent photograph (non-returnable), to Box 5557, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 51 Bridge Row, London, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of full-time Club Leader at the Mitcham Youth Club, Mitcham. Applicants should have had practical experience of work with young people between the ages of 15 and 25. A recognised certificate of full-time training is desirable, but not essential. Salary: Men £300 x £15—£450. Women £270 x £12—£390. The appointment will be temporary for twelve months in the first instance, but the person appointed will be included in the Authority's Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars and form of application, which should be returned within two weeks of this notice, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Children's Department. The Ridge, The Park, Mansfield. Amended. Advertisement. Applications are invited from married couples for a joint appointment as House Father and House Mother in charge of a Children's Home shortly to be opened for fifteen backward boys. No accommodation is available for applicants' children. Sympathetic understanding of the problems relating to backward children and ability to deal with them are essential. Successful completion of the Home Office Child Care Training Course will be an advantage. Salaries 104s. weekly (House Father) and 79s. weekly (House Mother) with board residence. The posts are superannuable with good holidays. Previous applicants for these appointments need not re-apply as their applications are being considered. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women for permanent appointment as resident Assistant Domestic Bursar at Avery Hill Training College, Eltham, London, S.E.9. Duties include assistance to the Domestic Bursar with the domestic administration of the college, including catering. Candidates should have had training in institutional management. Salary £210 a year rising by annual increments of £5 to £255 a year, plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Send stamped, addressed envelope for application form and further details to the Education Officer (EO Estab.6D 168), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. (9681)

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Appointment of Resident House Mother. Applications are invited for the post of Resident House Mother for work in the Council's Reception and Observation Home at Bulwell, Nottingham. Preference will be given to candidates who have had experience in a Children's Home and who have taken a recognised training course in child care. Salary £3 19s. weekly plus board residence. Application forms are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

BOURNEMOUTH Education Committee. Experienced full-time Leader required for Embassy Girls' Club (with Mixed activities), on September 1. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Qualified Assistant Women Teachers (£270 x £12 to £444). Commencing salary will be based on qualifications and previous experience in teaching and full-time and part-time Youth Service. Further particulars and applic. forms obtainable from Education Officer, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

ASLIB. Applications are invited for post of Membership Campaign Secretary to assist Director of Aslib (Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux) organise and conduct an intensive membership campaign. Qualities required: good shorthand-typing, energy and initiative. Contacts with research side of industry and/or learned societies desirable. £400 p.a. Written applications, names of two referees, to The Director, Aslib, 4 Palace Gate, W.8, within 14 days.

FOUNDLING Hospital. Boarding-out Officer (Assistant) required Aug. 1 or before. Headquarters London; able to drive car. Travel exps. and subsistence paid. Candidates under 40 and over 30, with Social Science Diploma preferred. Duties include visiting and selection foster-homes, interviewing parents, investigating and reporting home conditions; assistance with After-care girls leaving school, including finding employment and lodgings and general supervision. Salary (minimum £350) according qualifications and experience. Superannuation scheme available. Applications must state age, qualifications, experience, and be accompanied by copies of testimonials or names of referees, and sent in writing to Secy., Foundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

C.A.B. Organiser required at Canning Town Women's Settlement. Resident post: some previous experience in social work necessary and salary accordingly. Pleasant quarters provided. Application to be made to Warden, at 77 Queen's Park Rise, Brighton.

TEACHER (resident) required for observing and organising the educational activities of children who are admitted for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the Church of England Children's Society in Balham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience of remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Member Church of England. For further particulars apply, quoting S 1 and this publication, to Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL College for Heating, Ventilating, Refrigeration and Fan Engineering.—Appointment of Librarian. The Board of Governors invite applications for the post of librarian at the College. Candidates should be chartered librarians and have will be in accordance with the scale £375 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £550. The candidate appointed will be placed on a point on this scale appropriate to his or her qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Fredk. J. Packer, Clerk to the Governors, Borough Polytechnic, London, S.E.1.

APPLICATIONS invited from men and women for post of Trade Union Organiser. Initiative, good personality and Trade Union background required. Basic salary up to £400 p.a. plus cost of living allowance 375 %. Application form from The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

PILGRIM House Settlement: Resident Club Leader wanted for September. Apply Warden, 1 Dace Rd. E.3.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required on authorised staff for Sept., 1950, or Jan., 1951, qualified mistress to teach History to all forms. Salary according to Ministry's Scale, with a bonus towards travelling exps. for a suitable candidate from Gt. Britain. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

SMALL progressive firm requires for the Secretary of the Company a woman assistant who has an aptitude for figures and can do shorthand and typing. Similar experience is not important, but perpsonality is. Please apply to the Staff Director, James Garnar & Sons, Ltd., The Grange, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

SECRETARY required to work in advertiser's home in W.1 district. Must be fully experienced shorthand-typist and able to do duplicating. Age 30–45. Write, stating education, experience and salary required to Box 7982.

THE Institute of Personnel Management, 8 Hill St., London, W.1, has a vacancy for a shorthand typist, good speeds essential. This post will appe l to those interested in personnel work. Applics. should be made to the Secy., or 'phone GRO. 6000, Ext. 31.

HOLIDAY staff required for Hotel, July-Sept., all grades. Manager, Treharrock Manor, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

WOMAN industrial psychologist often away from home reqs. someone to take entire charge of household. 2 small girls day school, boy boarding school. Resident cook general and daily help employed. Intg. post. House attached headquarters organisation dealing with production efficiency in industry. Mrs. J. H. Pirie, The Anne Shaw Organisation, Beech House, Heald Green, Cheadle, Cheshire.

SURGEON, progressive household, two toddlers, wants a resident home help. A congenial home is offered on a long-term basis to the right person. Box 7590.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

UNDERGRAD, fluent German, French, sks. vac. job anywhere. Driver. Box 7641.

16mm. Cinematographer, exp. Kodachrome/Monochrome, seeks location work Oct., anywhere. Widely travelled Europe and remote Africa. Interesting offers to L. Barnato, A.R.P.S., 23 Frognal Court, London, N.W.3.

3-yr. trnd. exptd. Physical Training mistress sks. post for after summer holidays. Pte./Sec. School. London area. Box 7807.

YOUNG lady seeks job abroad. Sept.-March. Companion help or Children's help. Consider anything. Refs. exchanged. Box 7791.

WOMAN (graduate) experienced Press research, abstracting, library work, translating (French & Scandinavian languages), typing, good knowledge economics, international affairs, seeks post. Box 7737.

YOUNG Artist (Lilliput, etc.) requires part or full-time work. Box 7714.

MUSIC mistress (L.R.A.M. pianoforte) requires non-resident post September or January. Not London area. Co-educational school preferred. Box 7711.

MAN, 31, ex-staff Lt.-Col., pre-war reporter, Asia Europe travelled, wants socially useful job. Background, drive, suit socio-cultural crusade anywhere. Box 7699.

FEATURE Writer. Photographer, 25, contributor to more than 50 journals, 2 years' publicity exp., car driver. Military service completed. Travelled U.S.A., Canada, India. Cambridge graduate. Modest initial salary. Seeks appointment in journalism, publishing, publicity. Tel. Cambridge 58515; write Box 7828.

LADY, aged 30, seeks interesting employment. Secretary or similar. Perfect German. Box 7957.

EDUC. woman, 32, sks. post pers. assist. Pref. adult resid. college or clinic. Civil Service exper., scientific & clerical. No shorthand. Own typewriter. Box 7963.

FARMING post wanted (school farm?). Now managing 350 acres Norfolk, 12 yrs. exp. cattle, pigs, arable, machinery. Hons. degree English. 33, married. Box 7822.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WHO can help? German, refugee Soviet Zone, England 2 yrs., German degrees and Teacher's Diploma, exp. teaching, research work (Geography, German, History) desires post enabling him to start life anew. Box 7925.

YOUNG woman (23), B.A. English, Latin, French; now teaching, seeks alternative post. Home or abroad. Anything considered. Free August. Box 7901.

WOMAN graduate (28), excellent German, good French, admin. experience, shorthand-typing, accounts, literary interests, seeks responsible secretarial post, pref. non-commercial. London or Cheshire. Box 7899.

PSYCHOLOGY graduate, woman, married, 38 (previous industrial, admin., etc., experience), seeks remunerative employment, pref. clinical and/or V.G. bias. Box 7831.

OXFORD graduate (23), intelligent, forceful, sks. interesting job. Pref. personal social nature. Do anything. Drives. Box 7779.

SECRETARY (female) Univ. educated, fluent French & German, shorthand & typing, secretarial & admin. exp., used to responsibility, seeks suitable position. Box 7965.

LADY, aged 32, qualif. Solicitor, seeks interesting Legal, Political Administrative post with prospects. Write No. K226, Keith & Co., Advertising Agents, Edinburgh.

YOUNG man, M.A., fluent German & French, exp. magazine work and film production, sks. post; no matter what, no matter where, if interesting. Widely travelled Europe and N. America. Exc. refs. Box 7691.

FRENCH lady sks. post connected with teaching in English school. Quals. Box 7656.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BELGIUM. Sept. vacancies—self-contd. furn. flats for 4 to 10 persons. Everything provided: position on prom. facing sea. Apply: Hotel Metropole & Romain, Digue de Mer 230, Blankenberghe.

EASTBOURNE. Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction. Comfort, courtesy and excellent cuisine. Vacancies September. Winter terms 4-4½gns. Tel. 3327.

SPAIN: Costa Brava. Hotel facing blue Mediterranean. Magnificent sandy beach. Comfortable beds, good food. English & French spoken. Moderate terms. Details direct from Hotel Mar y Sol, Rosas, Gerona, Spain.

FISHING and shooting holidays from September onwards. Farm-house accommodation. The ideal sporting holiday in the district of your choice. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley. Tel. Paisley 5012.

PALM Bay Hotel—finest position in Cliftonville. An hotel of distinction & charm, offering every modern comfort & personal service; French chef; fully licensed. Write for brochure to the new owners' Manageress, Miss E. M. Johnson, or telephone Margate 385.

BOGNOR—quiet guest house. Good food, home comfort, garden. Few vacancies August. Widsworthy, Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

SPEND your holiday in Switzerland at Pension Eden, Porto Ronco, on lovely Lago Maggiore. Beautifully situated in quiet position off main road overlooking the Lake. Moderate prices, excellent cuisine.

EASY Holiday. Only 35 miles from London but really lovely country and the best air in Sussex. Families or people on their own all fit into the friendly atmosphere at Old Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SNOWDONIA. Perfectly situated private hostel for walkers and climbers. Hot baths, good food, clothes dried overnight. £4 per week. Sound mountain advice free. Mr. and Mrs. P. Orkney Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

ISLE of Wight. Guest House by the Sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism, optional, fresh water pool). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation; for ladies and families. Brochure (stamp) from Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave., Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), h. & c., gas fires, all rms. Tennis. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

BRITTANY. Excellent bourgeois cooking at pension de famille. 800frs. (16s.) p.d. per person inclusive. Quiet village, lovely rocky coast. Maerten, Kermuic, Pleuguenou, Finistere.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surrounding. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

ITALY: When in Rome, stay at Pensione Lampl, 61 Via Margutta. Central, quiet position, excellent food, moderate prices.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

W. Coast of Ireland. Come & enjoy the Atlantic Ocean and heather-clad mountains: Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

BOGNOR, sea front, central, board res. Good food & comfort. H. & C. all rooms. Children welcome, half price. Moderate terms. Apply Pier View, Steyne.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 52 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board or mod. terms. Brighton 23550.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Private Hotel, where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position on sea front. Vacancies excepting August. Terms 5-5½gns. 'Phone 291.

NATURIST sun-bathing holidays in sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils. and mod. cons. Nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enclosing 1d.) for brochure, Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' Annual, listing 54 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

BEADON Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon, regret they have no vacancies between June 3/Sept. 16. Bkg. accepted now for autumn.

CORNWALL.—Sennen Cove Hotel, Land's End. 'Phone Sennen 275. First class. Fully licensed; accommodates 80; excellent cuisine; unsurpassed sea views; safe bathing; excellent sands and rugged coastal scenery. High season terms 10gns. per day.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Unrivalled views, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4/5gns. p.w. Vacancies July, September. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.) 'Phone Hastings 5110.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

EDINBURGH. Bed, breakfast, attractive rooms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht anchorage 3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

UPPER Thames. White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C., divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3155.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Gatebridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Golf. Fishing. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, fishing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

HANOVER Hotel, The Steyne, Bognor Regis, Board residence. Every comfort & convenience. Children welcomed, half price. Terms moderate. Tel. 933.

L'OCEAN. Le Bois, Ile de Ré, (Chte.-Maritime). June/Sept. 940 frs., July 980 frs., August 1,080 frs. inclusive. Running water. Beautiful surroundings.

BREAKFAST in bed and any other meals you like, for a week or two's real rest in quiet country house. Massage if required. Reasonable terms. Box 7655.

HIGHLAND shore of Firth of Clyde, centre for tours, walks and bathing, 90 minutes Glasgow; a handsome hotel, 3 acres grounds, first-rate Scots food, h. & c. in rooms, interior springs, cent. htg., car available. From 18s. 6d. per day. Halfway House, Bullwood, Innellan, Argyll. Innellan 338.

S. Devon: Progressive Guesthouse overlkg. Teign Estuary, 2½ mls. sea. Frequent buses. Lovely grnds. Home prod. Children catered for. No liquor bar. Also furn. cottage, all mains services, sleep 5-6. Andrews & Mumming, Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Loveliest country house among Cornwall's finest beaches. Golf St. Enodoc (Rock). Surf-bathing Polzeath. Beautiful in the autumn. Open all year. Port Isaac 234.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1, MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 333 Oxford Street, W.1, GER. 4713 (opposite Francati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHARMING freehold detached XVI-century cottage, Stoke by Nayland, near Colchester. Tastefully restored and redecorated; lounge 21ft. x 11ft., exposed beams, Queen Anne grate. Kitchen, sink unit, h. & c., electric cooker. Bathroom, bedroom, 11ft. x 11ft. Bedroom, 10ft. x 10ft. Old world garden, mains electricity and water. £2,100. 16-2 to Doris E. Chapman, Auctioneer, Chapel Street, Lowestoft. 'Phone 1419.

TIMBER Concession for sale: Belgian Congo. Ideal for anyone suffering from claustrophobia of civilisation. Home farm, allotments and gardens. Two houses. Box 7628.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

£3,500 is asked for the freehold of what the owner believes to be one of the most beautiful and beautifully sited cottages in West Sussex. It is old, thatched, has 2-3 bedrooms, large living room, bath, kitchen, garage, main water, electricity, etc., and rather more than ½-acre of lovely, partly-walled garden. It faces due South and commands wide views of the South Downs and sky. Nothing else. And you don't really need a maid to run the place. The price is high, but not for so lovely and convenient a neighbourhood. Write (unless you are an agent) to Box 8089.

REGENCY Terrace House, carefully modernised, easily run. South Coast town, 1 hr. Victoria. Sea, shops, 1 min.; station 5. 3/4 bedrooms, 1/2 reception, bathroom, sep. W.C., paved garden. £4,000. MIL. 3405.

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MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth. 10s.; 3 mths. £1; 6 mths. 30s.; 1 year £2. 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 5082).

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SCHOOLS

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.–5 p.m. 2½ to 8 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcruse), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4–13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 5–12, Girls 5–18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave., Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5–18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

SCHOLARSHIP

A CLAND Travelling Scholarship, value £400, is open to men and women between 20 and 30, for investigation of methods and tendencies of retail distribution in Britain and Scandinavia, with special reference to the growth of State measures. Conditions and application form (returnable by July 29), obtainable from the Trustees at the Co-operative Union, Ltd., Holyoake House, Hanover St., Manchester, 4.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evenings (ex. Mon.) 7.0. Sat & Sun. 4.0 and 8.0. "Heartbreak House." Members.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand (TRA. 6261). Evgs. exc. Mon. 7.30, Sun. 7. Maire O'Neill, Russell Thorndike, Olga Edwardes, in Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding." "Riders to the Sea," "Shadow of the Glen," with Jack Rodney, Wilfrid Brambell. Directed by Martin Starkie. From Thurs., July 20-30. Trs. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Mems.

GATEWAY (Bay. 1910). Tues. next & Evgs. 7.45, mat. Sun., 4.30. Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master." Members.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St. W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., July 23, 7.30. "La Figlia Del Capitano" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra. B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Trs., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents, 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

OPEN-Air Concert. Organised by British-Polish Friendship Society to celebrate Poland's National Day. Russell Square Garden, Holborn, W.C.1. Sat., July 22, 7-9 p.m. Programme of Polish Orchestral Music, English & Polish Folk Songs by mixed choir, Polish Folk Dancing in national costume. Admission 6d. at entrance.

LONDON Baroque Ensemble, direction Karl Haas. Pamela Woolmore, Dennis Brain, Richard Adeney, Cecil James. 1st performances of new compositions by John Lambert, Edward Williams, Norman Kay, and Lennox Berkeley. Recitals, Alexis Kligerman. Musical Garden Party, 3.30-9 p.m., July 22. Admission 1s. Pearson Foundation College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Frobisher 0360.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Demonstration of Yoga Exercises, Sun., July 23, 6 p.m. Members and guests. Associate membership 5s. Whi. 3678.

DANCE by the 77 Club, Sat., July 22, 7.30 p.m. Victory House, Leicester Square. Dreamers' Sextet. Licensed bar. Tickets, ladies 3s. 6d., gentlemen 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

MODERN Italian Art. An Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, The Tate Gallery, till July 30. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

THE Contemporary Italian Art Book Exhibition at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1) has been prolonged until Saturday, July 29. Entrance free (weekdays only) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturdays inclusive (on Tuesdays and Fridays until 7 p.m.).

CAMILLE Pissarro: Paintings, Pastels and Water-colours at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. 19th Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Oeuvres Choisies: Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque, etc. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

FIVE Young Contemporaries, and Sculpture and Gouaches by Peter Sager. Also Lithographs by Suzanne Humbert. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

HAND-Thrown Pottery by Students of Loughborough College: at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, Boudin, Degas, Renoir, Odilon Redon, T. Lautrec, etc. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Constant Permeke: First English exhibition of the important Belgian painter.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Robin Rae. July 19-August 19.

ROYAL College of Art, Summer Exhibition of work of staff and students, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. July 14 to July 29. Admission 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 14 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Eileen Bell, Margaret Boyd, Ruth Collet, Eve Disher, Alice Lambe, Madeleine Pearson; daily 11-6, inc. Sats.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhibition of African and Asiatic Art.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. 18th Annual Exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"FREEDOM & Dr. Malan's South Africa". E. S. Sachs, General Secretary, South African Garment Workers' Union, Harold Davies, M.P., Rev. George Norton. Chair: Basil Davidson, Gen. Sec. Union of Democratic Control. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1. Thursday, July 27, at 7.30 p.m.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1, July 24, 5.30 p.m. A lecture (in Italian), illustrated with lantern slides, by Professor Bruno Molajoli, "Destruction and post-war restoration in the Naples museums." Mr. John Pope-Hennessy will be in the Chair. Adm. free.

KOREA—and World Peace! Lunch-hour meeting Monday, July 24, at one o'clock, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2 (in main hall). Speakers: Norman Bower, M.P., Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., K. Zilliacus, Aubrey Herbert, Canon L. J. Collins. Chair: Rev. Henry Carter. Admission free. National Peace Council.

MAY Day and Maintenance of Law and Order: Public Meeting to examine May Day events. L. C. White, D. N. Pritt, K.C., Neil Lawson. Film of May Day events will be shown. Monday, July 24, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Tickets 1s. from National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2, or at door.

CENT. London Fabian Soc., Wed., July 26, 7.30. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Labour Party & Europe." Denis Healey. Internatl. Sec. Labour Pty. 1s. 6d.

DISCUSSION "Symbolic Realism in American Painting." Introduced by Lincoln Kirstein. July 25, 8 p.m. Mems. free. Guests 2s. 6d. Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St. Picc., W.1. (Membship. enqs. invited.)

"CATHOLIC Church Fighting Reaction." Each Wednesday evening in July, at 6.30 p.m., Fr. Paul Crane, S.J., B.Sc. (Econ.) London, Lecturer at Catholic Workers' College, Oxford, will give a Catholic statement of policy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St., W.1. All welcome.

G. E. O'DELL: "The Mastery of Human Fate." At the Ethical Church, 44, Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, July 23, at 11 a.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock, July 23: Roy Walker (Sec. London Vegetarian Society), "Food and People." Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 29, at 6 p.m. Monsieur V. Hazan: "Mes Prisons."

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., July 25, 7.30 p.m.: Brains Trust on Czechoslovakia. Team, Dr. Pavel Kavan, Counsellor to the Czechoslovak Embassy; Mr. Lou Kenton, Manager, Progressive Tours; Mr. Stephen Jolly, Secretary, B.C.F.L.; Questionmaster, Mrs. Ann Rosen. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Department of Management Studies. The Day Department provides: 1. A one-year course for the Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies, leading to the final examinations of all the professional management bodies. 2. Specialised part-time courses on Joint Consultation, Foremanship, Human Relations, and Office Organisation and Methods, for those engaged in industry or commerce. Session 1950-51 commences on Tuesday, September 19. The Evening Department provides courses for: 1. The Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies. 2. The Diploma in Management Studies, and the final examinations of the Institute of Industrial Administration, the Institution of Works Managers, the Institute of Personnel Management, the Office Management Association, the Purchasing Officers' Association. Session 1950-51 commences on Monday, September 25. New evening students will be enrolled on September 18, 6-8 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

DAVIES'S successful Individual Tuition for Civil Service, degree, professional and school examinations, also Secretarial Training courses for graduates and older students at 2 Addison Road, W.14. Park 4465. Special junior departments (Common Entrance, etc.) for boys under 15 at 24 Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.3. Hampstead 4916 and 50 Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8. Bayswater 2895. Also English Courses for foreign students at 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Western 6564.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

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PUCKLE Hill House School and Training College for the Cerebral Palsied admits boys and girls from the age of 14 and gives a general education with a bias towards vocational training in gardening, poultry keeping and handcrafts. For further particulars apply to the Principal, Puckle Hill House, Shorne, Kent.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. Accommodation is still available at: Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants., July 29-August 5. "Labour in Britain and the United States." Rita Hinden, Hugh Gaitskell, Allan Flanders, Norman Mackenzie, Arthur Skeffington. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey: August 19-26. "Labour's Appeal." Sir Frank Soskice, Harold Davies, R. W. Williams, John Diamond, John Parker. Charges from £6. Applics. and enqs.: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SUMMER School of Music. At Bryanston, Dorset, Aug. 12-Sept. 2, is an ideal Summer Holiday for all Music Lovers from Concert-goers to Students. Concerts will be given by world-famous artists including Elisabeth Schumann, Georges Enesco, Denis Matthews, Amadeus Quartet, Boyd Neel Orchestra, and many others. The countryside is lovely and there is plenty of sport. Send stamp for Programme and Prospectus to John Amis, Summer School of Music Ltd., 29 Holland Villas Road, W.14.

STANISLAVSKY Holiday School, Hovel Theatre Studio 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. Aug. 31-Sept. 11. Classes in Drama, Voice Training, Movement, Mime, Improvisation. Talks on Stanislavsky "System." Apply Sec. (Slo 1040 Bay 2093.) Vacancies Autumn Term. Full-time training. Evening classes. Two scholarships for men students.

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CHARMINGLY furnished large bed-sitting room in ladies' Chelsea flat. Sharing kit., bathroom; phone, heat, light, service, incl. £3 10s. Tel. FLA. 7098 or Box 8017.

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GARDEN Studio flat to let from August 4 for six weeks. Telephone CUN. 1091 or FLA. 7647 after 7 p.m. Write Box 8115.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

PLEASANT bed-sit. room in Holborn flat, avail. for lady (Aug.-Sept.) Use kitchen & bathroom, H. & C. Reasonable. Box 7770.

SINGLE bed-sitting room to let. Nr. Baker St. Station. Use of bathroom and kitchen if required. Constant hot water, central heating. £2 10s. weekly. Box 7795.

LARGE attract. furn. bed-sit. room, mod. house, Highgate, offered gentleman. Breakf. & evg. meals. Nr. Tube. 35gns. Tud. 4717.

YOUNGISH prof. lady has charming bed-sitting-room to let Hammersmith. Linen, laundry, light, service, etc. 35s. per week. Student pref. No restrictions. Box 7713.

ATTIC studio, lovely view, Highgate village, to let furnished for six weeks, summer vacation (Aug.-Sept.), to single trustworthy tenant. 2½gns. weekly. MOU. 7282.

FURN. rooms in private house: sep. bedroom, share sit.-room, kit., with girl student 19. £2 p.w. 30 mins. Charing X. Mrs. Harris, 52 Limewalk Gdns., Edgware, Middx.

TWO-roomed flatlet, use of bath, kitchen and garden, offered married couple or two friends, or single lady, in country cottage, Bucks. Some domestic help appreciated in return. London 35 miles: High Wycombe 5 miles. Apply Box 7801.

TO let: furnished divan bed-sitting room, use of kitchen & bathroom in pleasant house owned by lecturer and wife. 15 mins. train journey from Baker Street. Professional lady preferred, moderate terms to suitable person. Write: Wimborne, 40 Glendale Gardens, Wembley.

HOLIDAY cottage vacant, exc. Aug. Sleep 4. Low Farm, Wainstalls, Halifax.

NR. Glasgow: furn. bed-rm. & sit.-rm. Share kitchenette, gdn., etc. Box 7788.

COTTAGE (part furn.) in acre ground, Wiltshire, £1 per week per person. Complete freedom. Phone Calne 1117. Box 7799.

EIRE, Donegal Bay. To let September, 2 public rooms, 4-5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc., large garden, daily help if desired. The Manor, Dunkineely, Co. Donegal.

DEVON: to let furnished 1 year or longer from October. Thatched 19th Century cottage (detached) between Chagford & Moretonhampstead (1 mile), (ideal for author). Main electricity, modern drainage, gravity water. 4 bedrooms (spiral springs), 2 recep. Elec. cooker, refrigerator, tel., small pretty garden. Timber garage. 20 guineas per cal. month. References essential. Box 7744.

COMF. flat adjacent lake. Fishing, boating, mountains. July-Sept. 1, £3 10s. per week. Evans, Tremlyn, Bala, Merioneth.

LONDON. Large unfurnished s.c. Hampstead flat, controlled rent, offered in exch. for freehold house or bungalow, 3 bedrooms, £3,000, West Surrey preferred. Accessible London trains. Box 8087.

FURN. s.c. flat suit 2 girls reqd. Sept. PAD. 1400 after 6. Box 7842.

BUSINESS woman seeks conven. unfurn. flat. Easy access London Bridge. Box 7829.

FURNISHED flat in or near London wanted for six months by Doctor and his wife. Urgent. Box 7716.

WOMAN Art student, Goldsmith College, desires large simply furn. room, suitable studio, something unusual preferred. Cooking facilities holidays. Own bedding. Must be very reasonable, light & cheerful. Refs. Rent six months in advance if suitable. Box 7775.

INEXPENSIVE light unfurnished room required London. Box 7688.

WANTED by young prof. couple, Small furn. flat. West London preferred. 2 rooms, kitchen, bath. Reas. rent. Box 7783.

UNIV. lec., young, married, seeks reas. unfurn. accomm. London. Box 7652.

TWO male teachers desire three unfurn. rooms and offices. London. Box 7926.

LAW Student (24), ex-Navy, Cambridge, working for finals, requires room in West End. Breakfast and supper, away most weekends. From mid-September. Box 7921.

DOCTOR with family urgently reqs. unfurn. flat/house London area. Box 7920.

TWO prof. women urgently require quiet s.c. flat, furn. unfurn. Box 7902.

3-4-roomed modern flat. Controlled rent. Fixtures, fittings bought. Box 7971.

DOES any artist wish to let studio during holidays? Box 7690.

COMPOSER seeks quiet detached country cottage within reach London, or studio in grounds of house. Box 7719.

DOCTOR and wife with two small girls, home on study leave, seek furn. house/flat, suburb easy daily reach London W. for year from Oct. 1 or 50. Perfect care taken. Box 7840.

YOUNG couple, working, no children, require unf. part furn. furn. cottage or flat, long let, from Aug. Sept. Anywhere Kingston Staines Esher area. Box 7889.

PROFESSIONAL man (46) working London, seeks country paid-4-serve some week-ends. Lit. tastes. Hants Essex pref. Box 7746.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 109, 110, 111

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